

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

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No. 459—VOL. IV.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.

## TRANSPORTATION.

ABOUT a year ago the country was again visited by a paroxysm of debate as to what was to be done with our criminals—especially what was to be done with that more dangerous and desperate order which gets sentenced to penal servitude. The general opinion was that a greater number of these convicts should be sent out of the country, and that more care should be taken that desperadoes should never return, on ticket of leave at any rate. But how were we to manage all this? To restrict the ticket-of-leave system was easy enough; but the more onerous question remained—if banishment out of the country is a good thing, where are we to send our thieves and ruffians? Transportation had almost ceased, from the difficulty of getting any of our colonies to tolerate a constant influx of accomplished villainy; and no new regions of an eligible sort presented themselves. This was seen to be the case wherever we turned our eyes, save in one quarter. In Western Australia a convict station had already been established; free settlers had been attracted to the place; and so far from these colonists objecting to the neighbourhood of convicts, they sent up petitions for more of them. This was not because the settlers of Western Australia wished for the society of rogues, *per se*, nor because they were ignorant of the dangers which any infusion of rank rascaldom must bring into a community

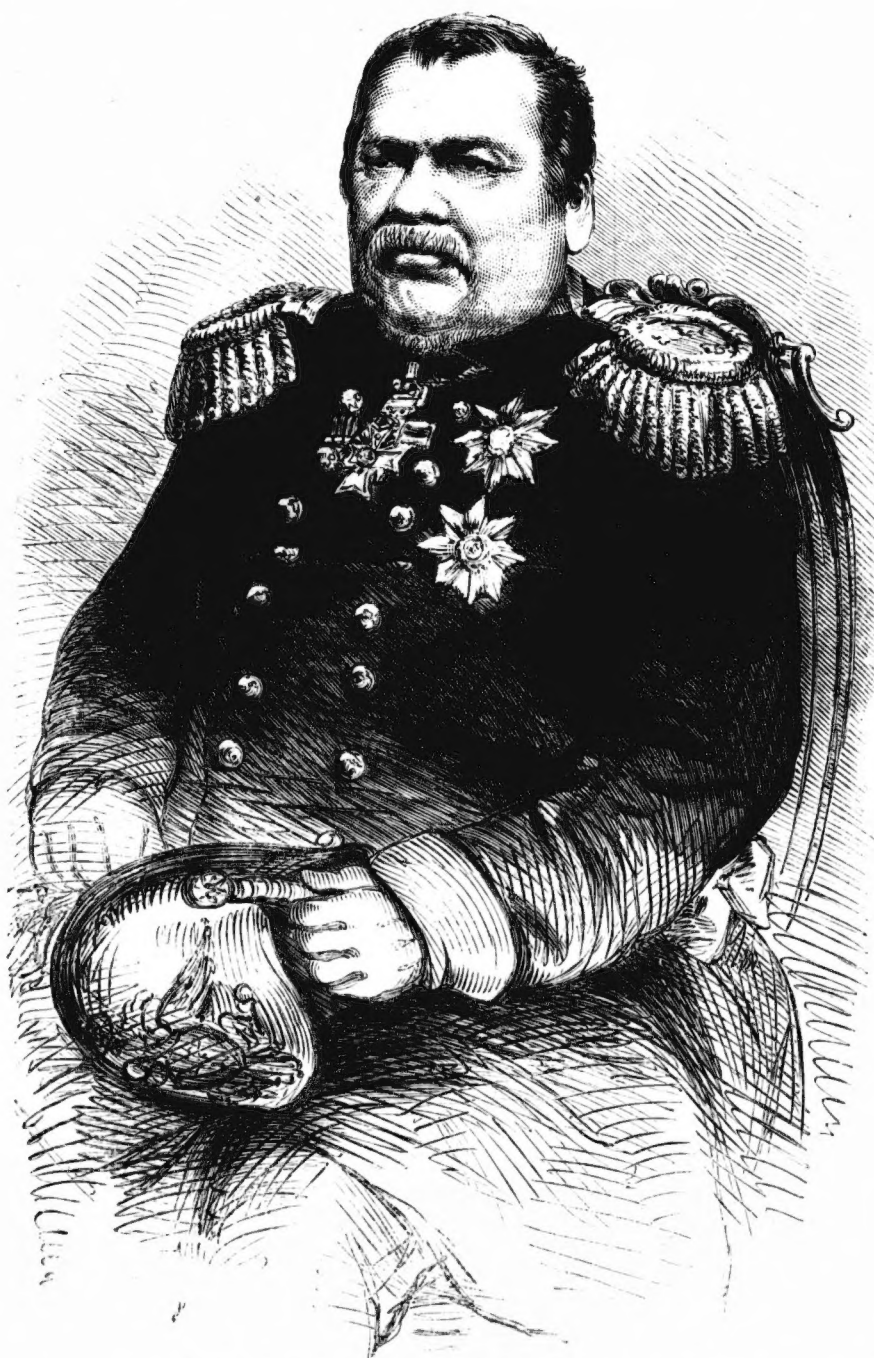
of honest men. They were not ignorant, because they had the history of Eastern Australia before them. There they beheld provinces rising, in the span of a single generation, from village poverty and obscurity into the importance of a kingdom; and they knew that these prosperous, these vastly-growing colonies had been prepared by convict settlements, and nurtured by convict labour. Whatever mischiefs came by that state of things had long since been ascertained, for now they have ended; and yet the West Australians saw so many advantages in getting several thousand able-bodied rogues, every year, to help to bring the wilderness into order and wealth out of the soil, that they called loudly upon the home Government to send more convicts to Swan River.

So far, the question appeared to be solved; but other considerations remained. Although a convict population might be innocuous and even valuable in the new country of West Australia, the southern and eastern provinces, which are now full of rich and sober towns, might reasonably complain if they were exposed to the incursions of escaped burglars or garotters on (colonial) ticket of leave. These provinces, having purged themselves of that large element of convicted crime which ran through the population twenty or thirty years ago, were not at all likely to submit to its return in quiet. Well, a little inquiry into the probability of such consequences made it appear that they

were all but impossible. Whoever goes to Swan River settlement must go by sea; whoever leaves it must leave in ships. Nobody ever passed by land from the eastern provinces to the western. A wilderness of desert and bush lies between, and this wilderness has been found impenetrable, even to the professed "explorer," with the choicest means of travel; and therefore, the convict once landed in Western Australia, there was scarcely a possibility of his ever escaping out of it.

Considering all this, it would have been very surprising if the Commission which sat to inquire into the whole question of how we were to deal with the criminal classes had not advised the Government to send a greater number of convicts to Swan River. The Commission had before them not only the facts above stated, but such evidence as this—though not this particular piece of evidence, which has since been furnished by Mr. Leake:—"I am Crown solicitor for the colony. I resided in Adelaide from 1848 to 1852, and since then have practised my profession here. I have watched most carefully the operation of transportation, both as regards the convicts and the free population; and I honestly declare that my experience teaches me that it is an enormous boon both to Great Britain and Western Australia, and that it is absolutely innocuous as far as regards the rest of the Australian colonies."

Accordingly, the Commission, in its report to the Govern-



GENERAL MICHAEL MOURAVIEFF, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF WILNA.



PRINCE FREDERICK OF AUGUSTENBURG, CLAIMANT OF THE DUCHIES OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



ment, recommended that some four thousand convicts be sent to Western Australia annually; and we all rejoiced that so easy and satisfactory a solution of a very great difficulty had been found.

But we counted without the patriotism of the colonists of Eastern Australia. They rose up as one man, and declared that, if England wished to get rid of her convicted rogues and ruffians, she must find some other continent, some other island, to land them in; for that no more of them should set foot in Australia, east, west, north, or south. Well, we can quite understand their earnestness in the matter. They are proud of the rapid growth of their splendid country; they see the day not far off when Australia shall rank as one of the empires of the world; they also see that in spite of their own advance in civilisation they have too many strong thieves amongst them to be controlled; witness the pretty story which reached us the other day of a gang of brigands taking quiet possession of a whole village. But the Eastern colonists went too far in their vehemence, for our tastes, when they threatened to resist the proposals of the Commission by force of arms, and too far in unreason when they made any protest against them at all. They are in terror of "a certain overflowing towards their untainted shores of the dark reservoir of crime which England has formed in Western Australia," and which, she threatened to increase. But terror may be at once very natural and very unreasonable. The Eastern colonists should have shown *why* they were terrified, since it had been made manifest that the dark reservoir is so hemmed about that overflow is all but impossible. And this they have not done. If Mr. Ross Mangles is to be believed, no well-authenticated case of serious crime committed at Melbourne or at Adelaide by a convict escaped from Swan River has been adduced—"not one;" and, for us, that means a great deal. However, the home Government has succumbed. It is decided that though the Swan River settlement shall be maintained, it shall not be kept up on a greater scale than hitherto. And so the colonists of Western Australia are disappointed, their efforts to found a prosperous colony are checked, we have to abandon a most eligible outlet for our crowded prisons, and the prisoners themselves lose a grand chance of becoming honest men and useful labourers. What the Eastern colonists gain is immunity from dangers which appear chimerical, and which certainly could not be serious. Altogether, we very much deplore the abandonment of what Mr. Mangles properly calls "the best and most hopeful scheme that has ever been devised and carried into execution for the secondary punishment and (in very many proved instances) the reformation of our criminals." And the retreat of the Government is all the more to be regretted, since it has been made in deference to bluster and threatening.

#### GENERAL MOURAVIEFF.

Russia possesses many men known by the name of Mouravieff. There are General Mouravieff-Amoursky, who conquered the country beyond the Amour, that vast outlet for the advance of Russia into Central and Southern Asia; Mouravieff-Karsky, the conqueror of Kars during the Crimean War; Mouravieff-Apostol, sentenced to death by Nicholas in 1826, who lives in the memory of Russian exiles and of all who value a noble self-sacrifice; and, finally, the subject of this notice, the well-known Governor-General of Lithuania, surnamed "the hangman." This title, although well deserved, he assumed himself. When, after the Polish insurrection of 1831, he arrived at Grodno as Governor, people asked one another whether he was not a relative of the Sergius Mouravieff-Apostol who had been hanged in 1826. Hearing of this, he exclaimed in a rage, "Tell those Poles that I do not belong to the Mouravieffs who are hanged, but to those who hang." These words became the device of his life and the programme of his political conduct; and even then, thirty years ago, the gallows and the scaffold were the principal instruments of his government in Lithuania.

Michael, son of Nicolas Mouravieff, was born in 1793. He was compromised in the same affair of 1825 in which Mouravieff-Apostol lost his life, but, for reasons which were kept secret, he came out of the trial not only a free man but in the enjoyment of the confidence of the Emperor Nicholas. The favour of the Czar, combined with a quick intelligence, great versatility, an extraordinary pliancy of opinion to circumstances, and a servile obsequiousness to his superiors, greatly aided him in his future career. We have already alluded to his appointment at Grodno in 1832. Shortly after he became Governor at Kurak; in 1842 he became a senator; in 1847 the chief of the corps of surveyors; in 1850 a member of the Council of State; in 1856 the chief director of the Crown appanages; and finally, in 1857, Minister for the State property. The last four offices he held simultaneously—a rich and abundant harvest for a Russian official. But the rapacity and dishonesty he displayed became even too shocking for Russia, and in 1861 a scandalous instance of prevarication on his part, which acquired unusual publicity, and which was warmly taken up by the Grand Duke Constantine, led to his removal from office, with the loss of the favour of his monarch and the contempt and condemnation of the public opinion of quasi-liberal Russia. His star had sunk, but it was soon again to rise in another sky, red with the reflection of blood and fire.

Last April it was considered at St. Petersburg that M. Nazimoff, the Governor-General of Wilna, the promoter of the pillage and atrocities in Livonia, was too weak. An "energetic" man was looked for. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Wajnen, although he has a great desire to pass for a Liberal in Europe, proposed to the Czar that Michael Mouravieff be given the appointment. A few days after Mouravieff had a farewell audience of the Czar. "Michael Mouravieff," said Alexander, "you must use every means of crushing the insurrection in Lithuania." "Your Majesty, in three months Lithuania will be at your feet," was Mouravieff's answer.

He arrived in Wilna in the middle of May, and was followed by several executioners and a cloud of spies from the Petersburg and Moscow police. These were accompanied in their turn by crowds of officials dismissed from the Russian service for perjury and general bad conduct—a real *bande noire* which is to take the place of Polish officials sent to prison or into exile, and, like hungry locusts, to complete the financial ruin of the country, commenced by plunder, contributions, and sequestrations. Gallows were erected in the squares of Wilna, Kowno, Grodno, Minsk, and other Lithuanian towns and villages; the Imperial Guard, sent to crush the insurrection, obtained more cruel orders than before; the newly-arrived officials began their terrible work; and the first scene was played of that inhuman drama which will make future historians doubt the Christian civilisation of the nineteenth century in Europe. We shall not attempt here to describe the deeds of cold-blooded cruelty committed by this old man, who employs the last moments of his life in

drawing upon his head the groans and the despair of a whole country—the provocation of the peasants to hatred, treachery, and murder—the complete destruction of whole villages—the banishment of their inhabitants, men, women, and children, to distant corners of Asia—the flogging of women—the execution of priests—the murder of the wounded on the field of battle, or the nightly revisions of houses, arrests, robberies, and deportations. If Lithuania has not been "appeased" in three months, it has not been the fault of Mouravieff. He fulfilled the orders of his master to the letter, and used "every means of crushing the insurrection." One day an officer reported to Mouravieff that he had brought with him a few insurgent prisoners. "You must take no prisoners," replied Mouravieff, in a significant tone. The decrees of Mouravieff against mourning, that last protest of the unfortunate Polish women, are well known. Not succeeding in making them cast off their black clothing soon enough, he ordered all the women of a certain class to dress in mourning. The reader will perceive that the General is not without a certain grotesque humour. Here is another of his grim jokes. Marshal Domejko, who, as is well known, endeavoured, by order of Mouravieff, to get up an address of loyalty to the Czar, received several stabs with a dagger. When he got well he asked Mouravieff for the pardon of one of his friends, mentioning the blood he had shed in the service of the Czar. "Let us not talk about that blood," was the General's answer with a smile; "it has been more than paid for. You know I have ordered four innocent persons to be hanged because of that blood."

At Wilna he resides in what was formerly the Bishop's palace, but has now been converted into a residence for the Czar's Lieutenants. Surrounded by a numerous guard, always anxious and suspicious, it is said that he only eats what is prepared for him by an old cook whom he brought with him from Russia. His health is very bad, and he has a choking sensation in the chest, which prevents him from lying at full length, so that he always sleeps in an easy chair. At night, when a mournful darkness covers Wilna, and the silence is only broken by detachments of soldiers and police dragging from the houses new victims, and taking from the casemates political prisoners for the infamous military inquisitions, or by the stifled sobs of a mother praying for her son—Mouravieff, shut up in his study, writes out, with indefatigable hand, sentences of banishment and death. Then, when the lights are all put out, and he rests in his chair, waiting for that sleep which will not come, he turns over in his mind new orders and measures to be added to the "Red Code"—a new ruin of entire families and new misfortunes for Lithuania.

The Emperor Alexander has recently sent him the highest reward of the kind—the Order of St. Andrew, accompanied by a gracious letter.

The *Times*' special correspondent, in a recent letter, thus refers to the Governor of Lithuania:—

Mouravieff's friends have certainly done him a strange service in endeavouring to establish a resemblance between him and an archangel; and a few Russians already understand that to address to Mouravieff such words as "Thy name is Victory" is to confound the inhuman with the Divine. But unfortunately—not so much for Poland as for Russia herself—the Mouravieff worshippers form a crushing majority even in St. Petersburg, where people are thought, nevertheless, to be more sane on the subject of the Polish insurrection than in Moscow. The Russian who has had enough true patriotism to feel that the honours paid to Mouravieff are a disgrace to Russia is assailed in a manner which only proves that the assailants do not understand the remarkable distinction existing between the executioner and the soldier. Old Souvaroff, it is said, would not have hesitated to subscribe to the St. Michael testimonial, but, whether he would have done so or not, Mouravieff has shown none of Souvaroff's qualities, except what is called in Russia "energy," and in other countries "ferocity." Souvaroff was, at least, a great General, and one of the few men of original and native genius that Russia has produced; and to suggest even that Mouravieff is a man of the same type—well, after all, it is not much, considering that he had just before been compared to an archangel.

It is almost as puzzling to a foreigner to explain the frantic admiration with which Mouravieff is regarded in Russia as to make out the various Russian theories of the Polish insurrection. The more I think of it, however, the more I am convinced that Mouravieff is idolised here simply because he is execrated abroad.

But the adulation paid to him by his fellow-countrymen is the reply made by a proud and irritated nation to the reproaches, sometimes unmerited, and to the threats, never meant to be carried out, of foreigners. The conduct of Mouravieff has been publicly condemned in assemblies which the Russians feel have no right to interfere in the suppression of an insurrection in Lithuania; and Mouravieff, acting with reprobated energy (or ferocity) at Wilna, is to them the symbol of Russia defying the west of Europe. Though the Russians will not condescend to say so, I can scarcely believe that they take pleasure in hearing that men have been executed as criminals for having fought as patriots. No one can blame them much for wishing to retain Lithuania, nor for rejoicing that the Lithuanian insurrection is suppressed; but, unless they are really unable to perceive any distinction between the noble and the ignoble, it is impossible to understand their elevation of a cruel and unscrupulous Governor into the position of a hero.

#### PRINCE FREDERICK OF AUGUSTENBURG.

The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty has now become one of the most, if not the most, conspicuous event in Europe. Its interest is so great for the moment that the Polish question has given place to it, and the Prussians have pretty well adjourned the reforms which seemed so imminent to pursue the cause of the federal claims—a circumstance particularly fortunate for the Bismarck Ministry, but, it may be feared, calamitous for the cause of Constitutional government in Germany. The subject, however, is by no means unimportant; and, although it involves the consideration of certain damaged claims, is by no means uninteresting. Holstein, in virtue of old historical connection and of her German nationality, is with Lauenburg. She claims the right, too, of inseparable connection with the sister duchy of Schleswig; but Schleswig has never been represented in the German Bund; on the contrary, at an earlier period of her history, she was for nearly two centuries incorporated with Denmark; but, on the accession of the House of Oldenburg to the throne by election, in 1460, the old existing state of things was restored, and since that time the intimate connection between the duchies has hitherto been successfully maintained.

It was long ago asserted, however, that the Ministry at Copenhagen had violated the engagements contracted by Denmark in the protocol of London of 1852, and that Denmark recently consummated a series of acts of encroachment by the formal incorporation of Schleswig. Hence the interference of the German Confederation (whose duty it is to uphold the rights of each and all of its members), which has led to the military occupation now in course of execution.

The same treaty (1852), with a view to preserve the integrity of Denmark, also entered upon the subject of succession. The difficulty which has just arisen was first mooted by Christian VIII., in 1846, in his letter patent addressed to his subjects. The intention expressed in that letter with regard to succession in Schleswig only—a step calculated eventually to separate that duchy from Holstein—formed one of the causes of the outbreak in 1848. Christian died in January, 1848, and was succeeded by Frederick VII., the late King. On the assembly of the representatives of the five great Powers and of Sweden after the war of independence, which had been raging in different phases for three years, had been put a stop to by the armed intervention of Austria and Prussia in 1851, the question of succession, as before stated, was brought prominently before them. The last male representative was now upon the throne, and the difficulty stared them in the face. In the probable eventuality of the decease of King Frederick without issue, the Crown of Denmark, according to the existing law of succession, would devolve upon his sister, married to the Landgrave of Hessen-Cassel, and still living. But the duchies recognise no female Sovereign, and might by their law proclaim the Duke of Augustenburg the legal representative of the junior line after the extinction of the elder.

Such was the difficulty with which the great Powers had to deal

\* In consequence of the attempt on Domejko the following innocent persons were hanged at Wilna:—On the 17th of August the brothers Rewkowski; and, on the 19th, Tablowski and Sipowicz.

† The "Red Code" is a collection of the decrees issued in Lithuania by Mouravieff and his subordinates, and gives curious information as to the way in which Russia rules that country. It is published by Denton, in Paris.

in 1852. The result of the labours of their representatives was that the present occupier of the Danish throne, Christian IX., married to Louise, only daughter of the Landgrave of Hessen-Cassel, and named by King Frederick VII. as his successor, should, on the renunciation of their rights by that lady and her only son (the future Landgrave of Hessen-Cassel), be recognised by them, on the decease of Frederick, as King of Denmark and Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, to the exclusion of the Augustenburg claims. These claims could hardly have been so readily disposed of had that Duke not taken so prominent a part in the recent insurrectionary war; his large estates had been confiscated, and he was consequently outlawed and reduced to poverty. As future trouble might, however, be anticipated from that quarter, the Duke was called upon, in return for a large sum of money—three millions rix-thalers—to execute a document in which he declared that neither he nor his family would offer opposition to the arrangement effected. This he did, and received the money accordingly; but his brother, Prince Augustenburg-Noer, protested immediately, and his son, the present Pretender, protested in 1859. The young Prince who is now endeavouring to assume the rule in these duchies denies the power of his father to sell his birth-right; and, as the German Federal Bund argue that the treaty has already been broken by the encroachment of Denmark, a spark of war may be ignited which may blaze fiercely in Europe.

It is said that the King of Bavaria has received the Duke of Augustenburg with all the honours due to a Sovereign Prince, and he has already been proclaimed at Altona, which has been evacuated by the Danish troops. It is said that the Prince intends to attempt an entry into Holstein, but that, in such an event, he would be opposed by the Austrian troops.

Altogether, the position is one of great difficulty and danger, and the growing influence of the Pretender is significant of troubles yet to come.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

Besides a report of Marshal Randon, approved by the Emperor, relieving from their services general officers who have reached their seventieth year, there is not a scrap of home news from Paris. There is a rumour that the French troops will shortly be recalled from Mexico, and be replaced by a foreign legion of 12,000 men. As the Archduke Maximilian is said to have refused the Crown, a Republican form of Government is to be maintained under one of the ex-followers of Juarez.

#### ITALY.

Garibaldi has sent in his resignation as deputy in the Italian Parliament. There are various rumours afloat of an intended movement against the Austrian position in Venetia in the spring, of which, it is said, the Government of Italy is aware, but it is denied that the King or his Ministers are in any way implicated in the project.

The Pope received on the 26th ult. the annual congratulations of the Cardinals, and delivered an allocution in reply. His Holiness dwelt much upon the sufferings and ultimate triumphs of the Papacy during various ages, and expressed his conviction that the Church would yet regain possession of all the provinces taken from her. The Pope is also reported to have said that he expected serious events in the coming year, but, of course, was satisfied that the Church would come off victorious.

#### AUSTRIA.

Vienna intelligences intimate that fresh efforts are about to be made to obtain the consent of Hungary to the Austrian constitutional scheme and the representation in the Reichsrath. It is alleged that the more extreme opponents of the scheme in Hungary are willing to stand aside and allow others more inclined for a compromise to do the best they can towards it. But this does not seem to be a reliable report, nor has any change in the general situation made itself apparent which would lead us to believe that the difficulty or a compromise between Austria and Hungary is now less great than it was a twelvemonth ago. In the meantime, Kossuth's address to the Hungarians, urging fidelity to the flag and ideas of 1849, and announcing the formation of a National Government on the model of the secret Polish Government, has caused much excitement in the country, where the people are suffering greatly from want of food caused by the failure of the crops for several successive years.

#### DENMARK.

The Ministry have resigned, in consequence of the King having shown an inclination to yield to the pressure exercised upon him by Foreign Powers and withdraw the common Constitution of November, which incorporated Schleswig into the Danish Monarchy. Dr. Monrad, up to the present Minister of Public Worship, has been intrusted with the formation of a new Ministry.

#### JAPAN.

News from Japan has been received at Paris that, yielding to the pressure of Prince Satsuma, the Tycoon has agreed on the expulsion of all foreigners.

#### INDIA.

A telegram from Bombay brings the welcome news that there had been no further fighting on the frontier. General Chamberlain had resigned his command to General Garcock. Sir William Denison had been installed as Viceroy *pro tempore*.

#### THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

The Abbé Mackiewicz, one of the most indefatigable leaders of the Polish bands, has fallen into the hands of the Russians, and will no doubt be condemned to death. A great many executions and arrests are reported; but there has been little fighting of consequence. The mildness of the season is regarded as being greatly to the advantage of the insurgents.

An order has been issued by General Berg that, until the complete restoration of tranquillity, all the police authorities, including the head of the force, shall be subordinated to the military authorities.

The National Government has made a fresh appeal to the insurgents in arms urging perseverance.

#### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THERE is nothing particularly striking in the intelligence from America. Longstreet, having been reinforced, had turned upon his pursuers, on the 14th ult., near Pear Station, on Cumberland Gap and Morristown railroad, Tennessee, and was driving them back.

The Confederate army at Dalton, Georgia, was completely reorganised, and preparing for an active winter campaign.

Southern journals state that by a Confederate reconnaissance it has been ascertained that the Federals had deserted Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and all the country between those places and Ringgold.

The army of the Potomac having become domiciliated in its winter quarters, leave of absence was freely granted to numbers of the officers and men.

The Federals were throwing a large number of shells into Charleston, replied to by the Confederate batteries. The official reports of the commanders of the monitors engaged in Dupont's attack on Charleston express disappointment at their incapacity to overcome strong forts, and state that if the attack had been prolonged the monitors would all have been disabled.

All the railways from Wilmington are at work night and day conveying supplies to the Confederate army and goods into the interior. Over 200 vessels are engaged in running the blockade into that port. Sugar was selling at three cents per pound. Governor Vance, in his recent message to the South Carolina Legislature, says that clothing has been received through that channel to clothe the troops of that State to January, 1865.



## DEATH OF MR. THACKERAY.

SUDDENLY one of our greatest literary men has departed. Never more shall the fine head of Mr. Thackeray, with its mass of silvery hair, be seen towering among us. It was but a few days ago that he might be seen at his club, radiant and buoyant with glee. On the morning of Thursday week he was found dead in his bed. He had complained for a few days of illness; but he was often ill, and he laughed off the attack. He was suffering from two distinct complaints, one of which has now wrought his death. More than a dozen years ago, while he was writing "Pendennis," the publication of that work was stopped by his serious illness. He was brought to death's door, and he was saved from death by Dr. Elliotson, to whom, in gratitude, he dedicated the novel when he lived to finish it. But ever since that ailment he has been subject every month or six weeks to attacks of sickness, attended with violent retching. He was congratulating himself the other day on the failure of his old enemy to return, and then he checked himself, as if he ought not to be too sure of a release from his plague. On Wednesday morning week the complaint returned, and he was in great suffering all day. He was no better in the evening, and his servant, about the time of leaving him for the night, proposed to sit up with him. This he declined. He was heard moving about midnight, and he must have died between two and three in the morning. His medical attendants attribute his death to effusion on the brain. They add that he had a very large brain, weighing no less than 58½ oz. He thus died of the complaint which seemed to trouble him least. He died full of strength and rejoicing, full of plans and hopes.

The prominent incidents of a literary man's life are not numerous, and there have been published so many memoirs of Mr. Thackeray that we need not go much into detail in recording dates. He belonged to a Yorkshire family, and he was descended from that Dr. Thackeray who was for some time Head Master at Harrow, and who introduced there the Eton system. Mr. Thackeray's father was in the Civil Service of the East India Company, and he himself was born at Calcutta in 1811. He was educated at the Charterhouse, which he loved to describe in his novels. Then he went to Cambridge, but he left the University without taking a degree, and went to the Continent with a view of studying art. He might in those days be seen at Rome, at Weimar, and at Paris, enjoying every kind of society, chiefly that of the artists. He has described this sort of life abundantly in his tales. It was some years after this that he turned his attention to literature. He had begun life with what might be considered a good fortune, but he lost his money and had to work. He began as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* in the days when Maginn was its ruling spirit, and, under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, wrote scores of essays, reviews, tales, sketches, poems of very unequal merit, which brought him little renown and not much emolument. He contributed to other periodicals, wrote various books of travel, and worked for the publishers (any that came to him) as a barrister takes his brief from any respectable attorney. The mass of work which he got through in this way was very great, but much of it is interesting only as the early practice of one who before long rose to be a master of English. It was not until 1846 that Mr. Thackeray fairly showed to the world what was in him. Then began to be published, in monthly numbers, the story of "Vanity Fair." It took London by surprise—the picture was so true, the satire was so trenchant, the style was so finished. It is difficult to say which of these three works is the best—"Vanity Fair," "Henry Remond," or "The Newcomes." Men of letters may give their preference to the second of these, which is indeed the most finished of all his works. But there is a vigour in the first mentioned, and a matured beauty in the last, which, to the throng of readers, will be more attractive. At first reading, "Vanity Fair" has given to many an impression that the author is too cynical. There was no man less ill-natured than Mr. Thackeray; and, if anybody doubts this, we refer him to "The Newcomes," and ask whether that book could be written by any but a most kind-hearted man.

He produced many works besides those which we have mentioned, and among them, perhaps, "Pendennis" ought to be named as standing on a nearly equal level. Over and above this, some of his minor works are perfect in their way. There is a little tale of his—"Barry Lyndon"—which the more ardent lovers of Thackeray's writing regard as his masterpiece. We have mentioned enough, however, to justify the opinion that, except Mr. Dickens, no modern English novelist ranks higher than William Makepeace Thackeray. As studies of human nature, and as specimens of pure idiomatic English, perhaps nothing better has been written than that which we have under Thackeray's name. There is a rich humour, too, in his writing, which is very amusing. For humour and play of fancy what can be better than his poems? They are among the cleverest things in the language. Highly polished as his style was, he wrote, at least in his latter days, with great ease. He wrote like print, and made very few corrections. What he had to say came naturally to him; he never made an effort in his writing, and he rather despised writing which is the result of effort. This naturalness he carried into his daily life. He had in him the simplicity of the child with the experience of the man. It was curious to see how warmly his friends loved him, and how fervently his enemies hated him. The hate which he excited among those who but half knew him will soon be forgotten; the warmth of affection by which he was endeared to many friends will long be remembered. He had his foibles, and so have we all. Some of his foibles, such as his sensitiveness to criticism, always excited the good-humoured mirth of his friends. But these foibles were as nothing beside the true greatness and goodness of the man. It was impossible to be long with him without seeing his truthfulness, his gentleness, his humility, his sympathy with all suffering, his tender sense of honour; and one felt these moral qualities all the more when one came to see how clear was his insight into human nature, how wide was his experience of life, how large his acquaintance with books, how well he had thought upon all he had seen, and how clearly and gracefully he expressed himself. A man in all the qualities of intellect, he was a child in all the qualities of heart; and when his life comes to be laid bare before the public in a biography we have no doubt that, whatever intellectual rank may be assigned to him, no man of letters with anything like the same power of mind will be regarded as nobler, purer, better, kinder than he.

The following graceful and thoroughly appreciative tribute to Mr. Thackeray's genius has been paid by one who knew him well, and the productions of whose own able pen are familiar to our readers:—

It was among the most marked features of Thackeray's character that he never overrated the value either of his popularity or of the kind of writing by which it was gained, and that he honoured labour far above the ingenious and pleasant sorts of composition by which the favour of the world is secured. It was, accordingly, his ambition to produce a historical work, and we believe that he had selected the period of Queen Anne as a subject. But death has put an end here to everything except his universal celebrity and his excellent novels. The position of Mr. Thackeray as a novelist is easily defined. He represented the English novel as the direct representative of Fielding. Other men wrote more popular stories. But he excelled all men in an intellectual representation of intellectual English life—in reflecting the thought, sentiment, taste, of the classes whose character determines the opinion of posterity about each generation. He was even more a philosopher than a painter, and more a thinker than a humourist, although he was an admirable painter and an admirable humourist. His culture supplied an adequate basis to his observation. He probably knew no English writers better than he knew Horace and Montaigne, and he was always grateful to Charterhouse for the discipline which enabled him, though his life was not properly a studious one, to interpenetrate his thoroughly modern dissertation with the essential spirit of the purest classical subtlety. We shall take another opportunity of speaking in detail of the life and character of this memorable man. Those who were honoured with his friendship—who saw him at home—who knew the real truth about his disposition and private conduct—are alone able to do him justice in these respects. He was one of the kindest men living of his time—hospitable, generous, charitable, tolerant in a degree which would have been a distinction in itself to a man distinguished for nothing else. His principles, too, were conspicuously sound. He honoured above all men those writers who had devoted their lives to the service of virtue; and, shrinking as he did from anything like cant, he never lost an opportunity of paying his personal homage to the religious institutions and sentiments of the country. A great man, a great writer, and a great gentleman—his death

cast a shadow over the happiest day of the Christian year.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

## THE FUNERAL.

On Wednesday at noon Mr. Thackeray was buried in the cemetery of Kensal-green. The day was so fine that, notwithstanding the distance from town, a vast concourse of his friends were enabled to surround his grave and to pay him the last honour. Many hundreds must have been present of almost every rank and class. Mr. Thackeray had the gift of associating with a wonderful variety of persons; to be in his company was in the case of most persons to be entirely at ease with him; and it was impossible not to pass from easy intercourse to affection and regard. Among the great throng of mourners were noticeable nearly all the foremost men of letters and artists of the day, some of them having travelled far to be present on the sad occasion. It may be enough to state this in general terms, and we forbear to mention names, because in so large and promiscuous a crowd in which there were no signs of arrangement or precedence it is difficult not to overlook some eminent men who might be entitled to mention. Only a very few of Mr. Thackeray's most intimate friends were expressly invited to the funeral. The hundreds on hundreds who attended came of their own accord to bear witness to the worth of a dear friend and a much-admired man; and of all these we venture to refer to but one name—that of Mr. Charles Dickens. We do so because he is the author most frequently remembered in connection with Mr. Thackeray, and because he has sometimes been regarded as a rival. In point of fact, there can be no rivalry between these two great novelists, and any special comparison must proceed on superficial grounds. No one had a greater admiration for Mr. Dickens than Mr. Thackeray himself, or more unaffectedly rejoiced in his exceeding popularity. On the other hand, to no one could all thought of rivalry with Mr. Thackeray be more distasteful than to Mr. Dickens, who always recognised Thackeray's genius, and on Wednesday came a long journey to testify to the love and the honour which he felt for his great literary brother.

For one so distinguished it has been suggested that Westminster Abbey is the only fit resting-place. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Thackeray desired to be interred in the simplest manner at Kensal-green. He has been laid in a brick-built grave beside one of his children; and his family affections were so strong that we believe it would have been a positive pain to him if, when he was alive, he could have looked forward to being separated from his children in the tomb.

The funeral service was read in a solemn and impressive manner by the chaplain of the cemetery, the Rev. Charles Stuart. When the coffin was placed in the little chapel of the burial-ground a strong desire was manifested by nearly every one to enter the building; but the space inside was soon occupied as far as it could be conveniently, and the pervading reverence for the departed was quite sufficient to prevent any unseemly pressure.

After the conclusion of the first portion of the service the mass of those present proceeded to the grave, which is in a quiet spot on the left side of the cemetery, and not far from the entrance-gate.

When the service had terminated, the Misses Thackeray, the two daughters of the deceased, who had formed no part of the procession, but who broke through the conventionality which excludes from such scenes those who are the deepest sufferers, and were in the chapel, approached the open grave and looked into it with a grief which was touching to behold. After they had withdrawn, other relatives advanced for the same purpose, and these again were followed by the immediate friends, and successively by almost everybody present.

The coffin, which was exceedingly plain, bore upon it the following inscription:—"William Makepeace Thackeray, Esq., Died 24th December, 1863, Aged 52 Years."

## IRELAND.

A DANGEROUS LUNATIC.—A tragical circumstance occurred in the Belfast Police Office on Monday morning. A young man named McGarrigle, who was given into custody on the previous night as a dangerous lunatic, was allowed to lie unsecured on the guard bed in the general room, and at about half-past one o'clock a.m. he rose and conversed with the constables in charge so calmly as to lull their vigilance. Watching his opportunity, he suddenly drew out of the chimney fire a large iron damper, about 10 lb. weight, which he brought down with dreadful violence on the head of another prisoner—an old man, named McGrath—who had been found in the streets slightly intoxicated, and brought in by the police to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather. He was about repeating the blow, when a constable caught his arm. The old man, without a groan, fell forward on the bars of the grate, receiving two other wounds. The blow caused a wound between three and four inches broad. The wounds were dressed, and the unfortunate man removed to the hospital; but there can scarcely be a doubt that the result will be fatal.

## SCOTLAND.

SINGULAR TRANSFORMATION OF HUMAN REMAINS.—One day lately the sexton of the Mearns parish, while digging a grave in the churchyard, came upon the body of a female, which presented a remarkable appearance. It was entirely changed into a substance of a flinty hardness—the face, limbs, hands, and feet still preserving their complete muscular form and roundness, and the body altogether strikingly resembling a marble statue. The substance was so hard that the gravedigger's pick struck upon it with a sound exactly similar to that caused by a hammer striking on flint or whinstone. The wood of the coffin was completely decayed, but the calico which wrapped the body was still in a state of good preservation. What makes the altered condition of the remains more remarkable is that the body of a man which was interred beside that of the woman about the same time was found decayed to the skeleton, and that no similar petrification has been observed in any other body in the same burying-ground. The woman, who died of cholera about ten years ago, was between fifty and sixty years of age, and remarkably stout. She was buried at a depth of eight or ten feet, in a dry, loamy soil.

DOUBLE WAGES NO ADVANCE.—A contractor in the Scottish Highlands, says a contemporary, was waited upon by a deputation from his workers, to request him to make "no pit o' difference in the wages, but shud a wee shange in the time for payin'." On cross-questioning the deputies he found they wanted to be paid weekly instead of fortnightly, but they also wanted the fortnight's wages weekly. "Why, my lads," said the contractor, "you are just demandin' exactly double wages." "Hoots, no, Sir!" said one of the deputation, "it's shud as mair as less as the same wages, put you must shud pay us twice as fast as evermore." After a little parleying the contractor got his Celtic logicians to resume work at a trifling advance.

## THE PROVINCES.

DISCOVERY OF RELICS AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.—There have just been discovered some very interesting relics near Newstead Abbey, Notts (the seat of the late Lord Byron). They were found by labourers employed in making a new carriage drive in the park. The relics consist of a portion of a statue representing a warrior of the time of Henry III., as exhibited in the chain-mail of that period; an ancient freestone floor, probably part of an ambulatory; a great quantity of window tracing of the fourteenth century, and some small jamb shafts of the thirteenth century. A portion of the specimens have been preserved.

EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE OF A SAILOR'S CHEST.—A sailor's chest was recently lost in Ramsey Bay, Isle of Man, and has actually been cast up not far from its owner's door in Whitehaven. Thomas O'Neil, of Whitehaven, sailed in the schooner *Sisters*, of Fleetwood; and, on the 3rd ult., while the *Sisters* lay windbound in Ramsey Bay, Isle of Man, she was run into by a large Glasgow schooner, bound to Liverpool, and immediately afterwards sank. The crew got on board the Glasgow vessel, saving their lives, but nothing else, and were conveyed to Liverpool. O'Neil afterwards made his way home to Whitehaven, where he arrived on the 11th ult., and, strange to say, his chest, which had gone down with the *Sisters*, arrived the day after. It is said he was on the North Wall at the time, and saw it floating past the pier-head. It was picked up by a man at Redness Point, and taken to the custom-house, and subsequently restored to its owner.

AN IMPUDENT IMPOSTOR.—About three weeks ago a dashing young fellow, with a smatch of the cockney tongue, sporting a dark moustache and a light overcoat, with a large amount of bombast and jewellery, made his appearance at West Hartlepool, and took up his locale at a refreshment-house in Church-street. He represented himself as E. H. Howard, of Transept Villa, Norwood, London; offices at 90, Cannon-street, and chemical works in Hackney-road. From his address and appearance credence was given to his statements, and he was entertained in the most sumptuous style. He said the object of his visit to this part of the country was to erect chemical works, the steam-communication to the Continent being a desideratum which would prove highly lucrative, and a great inducement for such erection. The "works" had to be erected in January, and, as he would require the assistance of several clerks, a young man named Nelson entered into an agreement—which is now in the hands of the police—to occupy the position of general clerk, commencing with a salary of £75 a year, to increase £25 a year for six years. He had gained several

friends among the frequenters of the coffee-rooms at the principal hotels, and on a few occasions, having accidentally come out without his purse, was welcome supplied with anything he might desire, but he never would take more than a sovereign. The niece of the party whom he had honoured as a lodger lost her heart under the influence of his amorous importunities; and as time advanced he became more loving, and was determined to make the fair one his wife. He obtained the consent of the aunt, and was so desirous of manifesting his wish for the welfare of the bride expectant, that before the consummation of marriage he purposed to make a marriage settlement of £200 a year on her, as a guard against the uncertainties of large monetary speculations. The household of the restaurant were all highly elated at the "great catch" the young lady of the establishment had made, and the happy day was looked forward to as an event of no small moment in the annals of this prosperous town. The dashing manufacturer was sensible of his own position, and expressed his eagerness that the day on which they should be united should be kept in a truly aristocratic style. Great preparations had to be made, and all were alive and in happy expectation, when, to the utter dismay of the loving niece and the astonishment of all the household, the gay young man decamped. The aunt then began to consider the great expense she had incurred in regaling this vile deceiver, and, summing up his expenses, she went to the police to seek redress. Information has been received that he has been playing the same game at Leeds and Middlesbrough; and, in order to "stop his little game," Superintendent Dixon, of West Hartlepool, has communicated with the police of Newcastle, Sunderland, and other northern towns, who will probably "put the stopper on."

REMOVAL OF THE MILITARY GUARD FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—On Wednesday the long-established custom of maintaining a military guard at the British Museum was discontinued. The sentinels on duty at the principal entrance were permanently displaced and the sentry-boxes removed. The duty of watching over the safety of the national collections will in future devolve on the metropolitan police, a party of whom relieved the military, and will be constantly stationed within the building. The new arrangement extends to the National Gallery and the other public institutions, where it was simultaneously carried out.

## THE FAVOURED GUEST.

To be a rich relation is not such a bad thing after all. However large a part of life may have taken to amass wealth, there are certain seasons when it purchases, if not real, genuine sympathy, at least the simulation of kindness and goodwill. The veriest curmudgeon of an uncle, if he be only wealthy, is, by virtue of his position in the family, entitled to a show of respect; and it is hard but somebody will be found to bow in deference to his opinions, and affect a belief in his goodness. To be a rich uncle, with many amiable qualities, however, is surely the height of human felicity. Fancy being loved for one's self alone, and yet to have it in one's power to reward such simple and sincere affection by testamentary gifts of a really substantial nature! Fancy the welcome which is assured when these qualities are united to this ability! How our coming would be watched for from front windows, our knock at the door responded to before the last crescendo of the rat-tat had sounded! How tenderly would hat and stick, and great coat be taken from us; our comforter unwound, wine poured out for our refreshment, slippers which have been toasting in the fender gently insinuated on our willing feet! Our brother sitting there at the fire—glad to see us, and yet half-wondering at the demonstrative reception accorded to us by his family—is never greeted so cordially on his return from a journey. The fact is that we are master, for the time, of his house and family. All except he, who would be very awkward if he attempted it, and the youngest of the family, a little chit who has not yet learned how money enhances one's amiability, are bent on exhibiting a welcome so sincere, that we are determined not to doubt its being due to our personal qualifications. You may be sure that the mistress of the house has organised this cordial reception; for women, the least mercenary of their sex even, are the more keenly alive to the advantages of propitiating fortune in our person, because their exertions are made in a self-sacrificing spirit. "Why," says the mistress of the house, "should the money go out of the family? Who, indeed, has so good a right to it? There's Tom don't know how soon he may want a friend to help him; and, since Emily's match was broken off, she hasn't been out in society, so we don't know how long she may be on our hands; and then there are the little ones, poor dears! and you know, my dear, that you never will save money. It can't be expected, perhaps, that there should be two in a family. You don't know, children, how much the better you may be for showing a little kindness to your uncle. Remember, he hasn't many relations beside us, and he's an old man, and old people like a little attention. Not that I would have you mercenary. Heaven forbid! I've seen too much of the evils of such a spirit; but your uncle has a right to expect his own to take notice of him, and no doubt he'll be kind to those who are kind to him, for he's a dear, generous soul, for all his little odd ways."

And so we are welcomed with the greeting of a happy and united family, are installed in the warmest corner, eat the breast of the turkey, provoke merriment by old jokes which we thought we had forgotten long ago, and spend altogether an agreeable time of it during our visit. Yet we have heard of shameful old persons, who, after having accepted all this painstaking affection, went and left their sordid wealth to some charitable institution. Nay, we are informed that there have been impostors who for years received the sympathetic homage of a confiding family, with reasonable "expectations," and who had, at the same time, sunk the whole of their money in an annuity. Such conduct as this is no better than a heartless robbery—a prescient deception of the widow and the orphan, whose simple faith in the gratitude of human nature have led them to waste their wealth of love. This shall never be said with respect to us. We will accept gratefully all those delicate and disinterested attentions which are offered so gracefully; we will keep all those fluttering hopes alive by a hint or two of our testamentary intentions; we will even pardon our brother for being still a struggling man, and pretend not to notice that awkward hint of his about a loan, which draws down upon him such a sharp glance from his wife. In short, we will support worthily the character of all the rich and generous uncles who have figured in novels and in real life since the maturity of Cain's children; and so we may expect to be, if not happy, at least comfortable; and such comfort is, perhaps, more than can be attained by those who lead lives made up only of expectations.

## AN AVALANCHE AT TICINO.

OUR Engraving represents the fall of an avalanche in the canton of Tessin, or Ticino, the most southerly portion of Switzerland, and a district peculiarly liable to these violent descents of masses of snow, since it is bordered by the principal ridges of the Alps and intersected everywhere by their numerous ramifications. The scenery and climate of Ticino are remarkably various, since the canton comprises a large vale, into which most of the smaller valleys open; and even the mountain sides are clothed with rich pastures or with extensive forests. But in many parts of the high lands the danger is considerable when the snow has accumulated in such a direction as renders it subject to a thawing wind or the change of the season.

There are different descriptions of avalanches—the *Staub-lavinen*, or drift-snow, when heavy snow has fallen in the higher region of the mountains during calm weather, and is afterwards driven in a mass by the wind before it has had time to solidify; the rolling avalanches which come after a thaw, when the first mass of clammy snow accumulates as it goes and crashes downwards, a hard and increasing mass; the sliding avalanches, *Rutsch-lavinen*, where the thaw commences at the base of the snow-covered declivities and the upper masses glide slowly down, sweeping before them everything which is not strong enough to cause them to divide; and the glaciers, or ice-avalanches, which are portions of a great glacier, which are detached by the heat of summer, and come thundering down until they fall to some tremendous depth and are broken to fragments.

Of these varieties of avalanche the first is, perhaps, the least dangerous, since, although the enormous quantity of loose snow frequently covers the houses and sheds, they may be afterwards freed from it. Houses are frequently damaged, and men and cattle killed,





FALL OF AN AVALANCHE IN THE CANTON OF TICINO.

however, by the sudden and violent compression of the air. The rolling avalanche is terrible indeed, since the snow mass ultimately increases to such enormous volume that everything is swept before it—trees, houses, and rocks crashing downwards in accumulating ruin.

The most extraordinary of these phenomena occurred in 1749, when the whole village of Rueras, in the Grisons, was moved from its site, covered during the night, so silently that the people—who must, however, have been very tolerable sleepers—were not aware of it, and wondered at the tardy arrival of daylight. Out

of a hundred persons dug out of the snow, sixty were still alive, since the interstices between the snow admitted sufficient air to prevent their suffocation. In 1806 an avalanche which descended into Val Calanca, also of the Grisons, transplanted a forest from one side of the valley to the other, and left a fir-tree on the roof of the parsonage-house. In the avalanches which have visited various parts of these regions during later years, about two hundred people and large numbers of cattle have been killed.

The glaciers are less destructive, since they descend only upon uninhabited places. When viewed from a distance, they resemble

the cataracts of a great stream, both in their appearance and in the sound which they make in falling. Avalanches sometimes change their character during their progress. When the declivity is comparatively slight, and the ground under it not too slippery, the mass of snow begins to slide; but, on arriving at a precipitous descent, its velocity and its mass are greatly increased, and it begins to roll. If at this stage of its course it should meet a strong, craggy rock, the mass is divided into innumerable fragments, and will appear, at the end of its progress, like a drift avalanche.





THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AND THE PUPILS OF THE GUARD RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN BAYONET EXERCISE AT THE CHATEAU OF COMPIEGNE.



## THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE GUARDROOM AT COMPIEGNE.

WE have already published some illustrations of the amusements of the Imperial party during their late residence at the château at Compiègne. Our Engraving this week represents one of the frequent occupations of the youthful Prince during the hours devoted to his education.

In the splendid *salle* which in the Imperial country retreat is devoted to the purpose of a guardroom, the children of the troops pursued their military exercises, and were especially taught bayonet practice; and his youthful Highness, who holds the rank of Corporal of the 1st Regiment of Grenadier Guards, joined them in these manoeuvres. The Emperor himself was frequently present to take part in the drill on these occasions; and those who were admitted declare that the little fellows, with the Prince at their head, went through the regulation exercises with all the earnestness and aplomb of old soldiers.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

### THE HOME OF THE AGRICULTURIST.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of the English people about which the Englishman of the middle or upper class knows so little, as that of the agricultural peasantry. The adventures of the London thief, his mode of life, his enjoyments, and his perils, are recorded, not only in a hundred fictions, but in almost every daily issue of the newspaper. The great ambition of the provincial "swell," fresh from his corn-fields and pheasant-covers, is to explore Tiger-bay, the Adelphi-arches, and "Gibbet-street," under the protection of a detective. But when the metropolitan wanders abroad for recreation he at once makes for the seashore. Should he even accept an invitation for a few weeks' shooting or hunting, or to spend his Christmas at the hall or the manor-house, he runs far greater chance of making acquaintance with the dogs, cattle, or pigs of his host, than with the agricultural labourers upon the estate. It is only occasionally that one ever even hears of Hodge and Giles, the ploughman and the thrasher. They are sometimes mentioned, it is true, in the reports of great rural festivals, at which the one is rewarded with thirty shillings, or the other with a medal or a pair of corduroys, in return for a long life's unbroken servitude, or the patient maintenance, upon the slenderest means, of a large family. Occasionally, also, some political statist brings forward astonishing revelations (forgotten as soon as heard) of the miserably small pittance on which the English peasant is expected to keep skin and bone together. He comes into contact with no class except the farmer, whose sole interest it is to make the most of his labour. Nor can much be learned from himself, for his abjectness and his ignorance render him, of all conditions of men, the most uncommunicative. In childhood he is the stolid lout whose highest hope of notice is that of being the "good boy" of the village Sunday school; in youth and maturer years his only chance of pleasure is the gross enjoyment of the beer-shop; in old age his doom is rheumatism and premature decrepitude, accompanied by subsidence into the poorhouse.

What is known of his home? Much may be inferred from the amount of his wages. Its state may be imagined from the fact that with a stipend of from seven to twelve shillings a week he has to maintain himself and most probably a family, and that out of this miserable allowance he has to pay his rent. The *Times*' correspondent, "S. G. O.," describes English labourers working on farms as compelled to live in "dwellings in which no man would put the beast he cares for; dwellings, in original construction, in present state of repair, in utter want of all decent and sanitary accessories, utterly unfit to preserve health or retain one feeling of common decency."

Nature, it is said, admits no evil without a remedy. The philosopher knows that much of what is ignorantly called "evil" is the stimulus which Providence puts forward as the incitement to intellect and activity. If it is found profitable to house and feed cattle and swine, who can only afford remuneration by their carcasses, how much more so must it be to shelter and provide for human labour, which can be doubled in productiveness by the exercise of intelligence? There never has been, there never can be, any development of humanity amid squalor and discomfort. The facial type, the brain, the strength, the human form itself, degenerates under abnormal conditions. So it has degenerated even in the counties around London. See the Essex labourer—view his shrunken calves, his stolid aspect, his slouching gait, his narrow cerebrum. Would it not, taking the lowest incentive, *pay* to see that he be well housed, well fed, well cared for, with comfort in the present and hope in the future? Is he not now treated as the vilest animal upon the farm? And yet, there is no portion of the integral man which is not infinitely more-capable of cultivation to the profit even of landowners. Every class of capitalist, one only excepted, has long since admitted and acted upon this great truth. The Jewish usurers among us accept mortgages upon brains, upon agility, upon even the vocal chords, and amass fortunes upon their speculations. It is reserved to the landed proprietors of England to be blind and deaf alike to their own

interests and to their own duties; while they leave the English peasant to dwindle in body and in soul, for lack of the shelter, the cleanliness, and the food ungrudged to the cow, the horse, and the hound.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN will return to Windsor Castle on the 11th of February next, and will afterwards reside at Windsor for several months.

HER MAJESTY AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES have just become patronesses of a society in Dublin for the training and employment of educated women. Its name for the future will be the "Queen's Institute." Her Majesty has subscribed £50, and the Princess of Wales £10, to its funds.

MR. JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, A.R.A., and MR. EDWARD WILLIAM COOKE, have been elected Royal Academicians.

LORD LYONS, it is stated, is in a delicate state of health.

It will take two years from this time to finish the Royal mausoleum, with all its grand embellishments.

HER MAJESTY has commissioned Mr. Kenneth McLeay, R.S.A., of Edinburgh, to paint a whole-length portrait of his Royal Highness Prince Alfred in water colours. The Prince is to be represented in Highland costume; and a duplicate of the portrait is also to be prepared by Mr. McLeay for the Royal gallery at Windsor.

GENERAL MCLELLAN'S REPORT to the Federal War Department of his campaigns is about to be published, and will, it is said, make three volumes of a thousand pages each.

PRINCE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, son of the well-known *savant*, the Prince de Canino, and cousin of the Emperor, who lately entered the foreign legion with the rank of Captain, is about to proceed to Mexico with his regiment.

GEORGE VICTOR TOWNLEY has been resipitated during her Majesty's pleasure. The prisoner has been visited by two of the Commissioners in Lunacy, and the fate of the unhappy man will, of course, depend upon their report.

IN 1863 the Federal armies lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, 92,770 men.

AN ENORMOUS SKATE—a fish of the thornback species—was caught off Portland last week. It was 7 ft. long and 6 ft. wide.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the novelist, is no longer paid by the line, but by the letter, the "San Felipe," now publishing, being paid for at the rate of a centime a letter.

THE RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES IN WARSAW are reported to have celebrated Christmas Day by a fresh and extensive arrest of citizens.

A BILL for legalising the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife has been read a third time and passed in the Legislative Council of South Australia.

IN THE COUNTRY AROUND CHATTANOOGA, for an area of about nine hundred square miles, there are no preparations for crops of grain—all is desolate and in decay.

THE REV. J. W. BROOKS, Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral and Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, has just published a letter on the subject of the Church services, in which he expresses his opinion that "intoning is a decree of Satan."

IN 1850 there were 80 sheep in Minnesota, which yielded 800 lb. of wool. At the present time there are 175,000 sheep there, and the wool-clip will not be less than 500,000 lb. Next year it is estimated that the flocks will be half a million, and the wool clip two million pounds.

THERE have been eleven changes in seven years among twenty-eight English and Welsh bishops, so that the average career of a bishop does not much exceed fifteen or sixteen years.

TWO DRUNKEN FELLOWS behaved in a most insulting and outrageous manner to several ladies in a carriage on the Great Western Railway the other day. They were taken before the police magistrates and remanded.

A FEARFUL COLLIERIES EXPLOSION has occurred at the Gln Pit, the property of the Llynvi Vale Iron Company, Wales, by which fourteen unfortunate men appear to have lost their lives.

EARL RUSSELL has been elected Rector of Aberdeen University by a majority of ninety-eight votes over Mr. Grant-Duff, M.P. His Lordship has intimated that he will visit Aberdeen in April, to be installed into office.

IN NOVEMBER, 1862, 448,955 persons in the cotton district were receiving relief. This year, in the same month, the number was only 170,850.

VICE-CHANCELLOR KINDERSLEY has committed the editor of a Sheerness newspaper for "contempt"—the offence being the publication of certain articles which it was held might influence witnesses in a suit now pending before his Honour's Court.

AT THE CLOSE OF 1860 the number of locomotives on the railways of the United Kingdom was 5801; at the close of 1861 it was 6156; and at the close of 1862, 6398. Allowing £2500 as the cost of each engine, the 600 new locomotives annually called for represent an aggregate of no less than £1,500,000.

DOVER HAD A "MAIDEN" ASSIZE ON MONDAY, when the Recorder announced that there were no prisoners to try, the gaol being empty, with the exception of culprits sentenced to brief punishments by the local magistrates. White gloves were presented in due form to celebrate an event unparalleled in the town in the recollection of the oldest official.

THE LATE SIGNOR BEGREZ has bequeathed to the Royal Society of Musicians the sum of £1000 sterling, free of legacy duty, coupled with the wish that it may form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a college for the poor musician.

GENERAL HALLOCK, of the Federal War Department, states that "a remount for the whole service once in two months is the rate at which our cavalry horses are used up, by want of skill and often culpable neglect of the animals. 435,000 horses will be needed for the coming year if the evil remains unchecked."

THE BOARD OF TRADE TABLES FOR NOVEMBER are again very favourable. The value of the exports during the month was £11,995,692, against £9,046,489 in November, 1862. For the eleven months the value of the exports was £132,135,368, against £113,280,779 in the corresponding period of last year.

HEENAN, while in training at Brighton, is reported to have remarked: "Isn't it a bloody and brutal thing to see a man like me getting ready to stand up and knock another man about for some money?"

EARLY ON CHRISTMAS MORNING it was discovered that a house in Little Hill-street, Birmingham, was on fire. Every effort was made to extinguish the flames, but before they could be checked no less than six persons had been burned to death. One was an old lady who was spending the Christmas holidays with her friends, another was a nurse girl, and the other four were children.

COLONEL CRAWLEY'S EXPENSES in the late court-martial have been variously estimated at £3000 and £5000. Mr. Vernon Harcourt's retainer was £500, and £50 "refreshers" for every day he was employed. There is, it seems, no truth in the report that the Earl of Cardigan has subscribed either £100 or £500 towards paying Colonel Crawley's expenses, or that, pending the proceedings of the general court-martial, he placed himself at the head of a list of subscribers.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, in the neighbourhood of Exeter, primroses, white strawberries, and a number of spring and summer wild flowers, were gathered in the hedge-rows. The season is astonishingly mild in Devonshire. In Worcestershire fine ripe strawberries have been plucked, hawthorn and laburnum are in full bloom, as also violets, gillyflowers, marigolds, primroses, verbenas, double daisies, and roses of various kinds. Bees and wasps have been seen.

SOME MONTHS AGO the following epigram appeared in New York:—

Honest Old Abe, when the war first began,  
Denied "Abolition" was part of his plan!  
Honest Old Abe has since issued decree,  
The war must go on till the slaves are all free.  
As both can't be honest, will some one tell how,  
If "Honest" Abe then, he is Honest Abe now!

FOUR HUNDRED PRISONERS were brought before the magistrates at the two police courts in Dublin on Monday, charged with drunkenness and offences arising therefrom. They had all been arrested in the course of Saturday night and Sunday. In consideration of the festive season they were very leniently dealt with, being let off with small fines, except those who had been rash enough to resist or assault the constables, and who were mulcted in heavy penalties.

"THERE ARE," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, "two roads to this world—the one an broad and narrow road, that leads to perdition; and the other a narrow and a broad road, that leads to destruction." "What is that?" said one hearer; "say it again." "I say, my brethren, there are two roads to this world—the one an broad and a narrow road, that leads to perdition; the other a narrow and a broad road, that leads to destruction." "If that an the case," said his sable questioner, "dis eluded individual takes to de woods!"

ANOTHER CASE OF CRUELTY.—A singular case has just been brought to light at Parkgate, near Rotherham. A young woman, who had been closely confined and ill-treated in the house of her parents for several years, escaped, during the absence of her stepmother, to the house of a neighbour, to whom she related her horrible sufferings. The police were at once communicated with, and on their visiting the house they found the room in which she had been imprisoned to be in a most filthy state. The unfortunate girl, who is supposed to be about twenty-eight years of age, has not been seen by the neighbours for fourteen years. An investigation into the case is in progress.

### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WHILST I am writing, the battle in Buckinghamshire is yet to be fought; but there cannot be a doubt that the Conservatives will return their man by a large majority. Indeed, this is no real fight. Dr. Lee comes forward with no hope of victory. The Whigs did not put up a man. Dr. Lee determined that, if no one else would come forward, he would, if he could do no more than lift up his testimony, as he has often done before, against Tory principles. This is the true state of the case in Buckinghamshire. The Whigs did not bring forward a man, for the simple reason that they could not find a man to bring. To oppose the Conservatives of Buckinghamshire with the smallest hope of success you must put up a scion of one of the two great Whig houses of the county. Now, neither Lord Carington nor Lord Chesham has a son ready. Lord Carington's eldest son is within a few months of being of age. He will be so next April, I hear; but "a miss," as the old proverb says, "is as good as a mile." Meanwhile, Mr. Harvey will get the seat, and a possession goes a great way in election matters. The Conservatives confidently hope that he will be able to hold his ground against all comers. It must not be thought, however, that the Whigs mean quietly to resign the position which they had gained. There must be a general election soon. Rumour says that Parliament will be dissolved in 1864. Unless some accident should happen, I see no reason why it should not linger on till 1865. But, whenever it may occur, young Carington, if he live, will be of age, and then Mr. Harvey may expect that his position will be assaulted by all the forces the Whigs can bring against it.

Our old friend George Francis Train, who left England so hurriedly, and then, after a questionable squabble or two in the States, suddenly dived under and was lost to view, has once more turned up. On Monday last I received an American paper entitled *The Daily Nebraska Republican*, published at Omaha City, Nebraska, and dated Dec. 4. "Who in the world," said I, as I opened the curious-looking sheet, "can have sent me this?" Nebraska! Why, that is far, far West, beyond the Missouri, and can scarcely be settled yet. What friend can I have there? But, on turning to the third page, the problem was solved, for there the words "Speech by Mr. George Francis Train" met my eye; and, on looking at the direction again, I at once recognised the fine Roman hand of that illustrious gentleman. About Mr. Train, however, I shall say but little. His speech was *suo more*—and what that is we all know. It is clever; has a good deal of information in it, if we could but rely upon it; is wonderfully oratorical, after the fashion of Yankee stump oratory; but is so wordy that it is impossible not to doubt the sanity of the man who delivered it. The occasion, however, on which this speech was uttered is worthy of a moment's notice. It was the ceremony of turning the first sod of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, at which Mr. Train was assisting. Nebraska was, until within a few years, a mere wilderness, in possession of the wolves and the Indians. Now it has cities and towns on its eastern skirts; a railway coming, according to a map now lying before, within a few miles of its borders; and is the starting point for that wonderful line which is to cross the prairie, pierce the Rocky Mountains, and complete a line of road direct from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But hear what an inhabitant of the district says upon this subject; not a Mr. Train, but an energetic, hard-working pioneer of civilisation, who, though he may have the gift of speaking, evidently works as well as talks—Mr. Poppleton, of Omaha, citizen and promoter of the railway, thus addressed the assembly:—

Fellow citizens of Omaha and Council Bluffs.—On the 13th day of October, 1864, about seven o'clock in the evening, I was set down by the Western Stage Company at yonder city of Council Bluffs. At the rising of the sun on the following morning I climbed to the summit of one of the bluffs which overlook that prosperous and enterprising town and took one long and lingering look across the Missouri at the beautiful site on which now sits, in the full vigour of business, social and religious life, the youthful but thriving and, this day, jubilant city of Omaha. Early in the day I crossed the river, and along a narrow path, cut by some stalwart man through the tall, rank, prairie grass, I wended my way in search of the post office. At length I found an old pioneer seated, apparently in solitary rumination, upon a piece of hewn timber, and inquired of him for the post office. He replied that he was the postmaster, and would examine the office for my letters. Thereupon he removed from his head a hat, to say the least of it, somewhat *veteran* in appearance, and drew from its cavernous depths the coveted letters. On that day the wolves and the Omahas were the almost undisputed lords of the soil, and the entire postal system of the city was conducted in the crown of this venerable hat! To-day, at least four thousand radiant faces gladden our streets, and the postal service, sheltered by a costly edifice, strikes its Briarian arms towards the north, the south, the east, and the west, penetrating regions then unexplored and unknown, and bearing the symbols of values then hidden in the mountains and beneath the streams of which the world in its wildest vagaries had never dreamed.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railway, then, is begun. Yes, and it will be finished; and the vast Nebraska desert, as it used to be called, will be peopled and cultivated; and the Rocky Mountains will be tunneled and mined, and pour forth their metallic treasures; and California will be within a few days' journey of New York. Really, in the presence of such wonders, one can hardly be surprised that an excitable man like Mr. Train should lose his head.

Amongst other measures, the Lord Advocate must surely bring in a bill to remedy the mischief which he has done in the matter of the Edinburgh annuity tax; for Modern Athens is in a state of anarchy, and scenes are enacted daily there in the name of Christianity which are enough to make honest men ashamed of being called Christians. The annuity tax, or ministers' money, is a thing which no "fellar" out of Scotland can be expected fully to understand. Suffice it to say, that it is an obnoxious ecclesiastical impost upon property, devoted to the payment in part of the salaries of ministers of the Establishment. This impost has always been a heavy grievance with Dissenters; but in 1860 the Lord Advocate made the burden intolerable. Under the old law the clergy, when the tax was not paid, had to sue for it by due course of law; but by the Lord Advocate's bill the tax was mixed up with the municipal police rate, and power given to levy it by distress. And now, as you may well imagine, the fat is indeed in the fire. The Dissenters offer to pay the police tax, but they refuse the ministers' money; and, after taking a long time to consider the matter, the Council has cried havoc, and let loose the dogs of war with a vengeance. Roupings—or, as we English should call them, seizures and sales of goods by auction—amidst scenes of riot and disorder, which we can imagine but not describe, are of daily occurrence. No lives have been lost; but revolvers and life-preservers have been flourished by the officials; and unless something be done we may expect some serious catastrophe.

Will her Majesty open Parliament? I fear not. Her Majesty still wraps herself in her grief as a cloak, and refuses to be comforted. Well, it is a pity, and that is all that can be said. I have no sympathy with those writers who insinuate that this is carrying matters too far. All of us who have got a long way in the journey of life have had to learn by experience what it is to encounter great sorrow; but there is this difference between her Majesty and us—when we lose a relative we have other friends on a level with us left to soothe us and divert our thoughts, and in them make us forget our loss—or, at all events, somewhat blunt the edge of our grief. But her Majesty, from the nature of her position, had but one friend, and can have no other. To me there is something holy in the sorrow of the Queen, and, at all cost, I would have it held inviolable until she herself shall feel it right to come out of her shrine. It has been suggested that the Prince of Wales should open Parliament; but is there any precedent for this? I know of none. Perhaps, however, he might be appointed a commissioner. I cannot say. Court etiquette is a mystery into which it cannot be expected that I should be able to penetrate.

The story which Mr. Thackeray has left unfinished naturally excites much curiosity, which the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* will gratify, it is to be hoped. Every page that this great writer penned has some fine touch of genius, of grace, of humour in it; and, finished or unfinished, his last day's work has another interest beyond its own excellence. A late *Lounger* in these columns announced that this novel was cast in the age of "the Dunes and Saxons." Unluckily, the journalist stumbled on false information



sometimes, and it must be confessed that our own Lounger was wrong. The scenes of the story lie near our own time; and, if it be true that Mr. Thackeray finished four parts before his death, a considerable portion of the tale must be written, for he did not propose to go to three-volume length on this occasion, but to write a story of brisk incident which should be completed in seven or eight numbers of the *Cornhill*. We may, therefore, expect to see, not a mere fragment (though that would be precious), but a handsome torso from the delicate and mighty hand which ended its work on it.

The curious note which Mr. Charles Dickens has thought fit to append to the last chapter of Mr. Charles Reade's story of "Very Hard Cash" has occasioned much talk in literary circles. I have heard only one opinion expressed on all sides respecting the judiciousness of Mr. Dickens's proceeding. That opinion is adverse. What would Mr. Dickens have said or thought if Mr. Bentley, pending the publication of "Oliver Twist," had publicly advertised the readers of the story that the pictures of parochial authorities therein portrayed were remarkably unlike any originals within his (Mr. B.'s) experience; or, if Messrs. Chapman and Hall had stated, by way of foot-note to "Nicholas Nickleby" that, so far as they had seen, Yorkshire schoolmasters were honest gentlemen in possession of every qualification for their position? Mr. Dickens might have been put to some little difficulty if called upon to verify every iota of his description of Dotheboys Hall or of the Circumlocution Office. Mr. Reade, who has certainly far less imagination than Mr. Dickens, has been challenged with reference to some of the most startling incidents of his story, and has met the charge of exaggeration by clear, undeniable, documentary evidence. Even had this not been so, surely Mr. Dickens, whose picturesque heightening of colour and incident is one of the greatest of the many charms of his works, had certainly no need to disclaim indorsing every fact and opinion in a work, professedly of fiction, by a literary brother, coming before the public by Mr. Dickens's own invitation in a magazine under his own personal superintendence.

Have you noticed a paragraph headed "Punished for living too long!" The "beaks" of Uckfield have sent an old pauper, aged eighty-two, to hard labour for twenty-one days because he refused to work at the union, being, as he said, too old. This is a simple way of trying the question. Sentencing a man to work because he cannot, is a grand exercise of judicial power. If the man's real offence be, however, as suggested, that of "living too long," I think that is an error of which he may probably be cured by the attention of the gaol authorities if their humanity be on a par with that of these Sussex "justices."

Mr. Arthur Sketchley, under which pseudonym a very clever gentleman has been some time before the public, has taken the Egyptian Hall for the purpose of reproducing his entertainment.

"For my part, I consider Shakespeare a very-much overrated man." I see that Lord Brougham denies having originated this now-famous sentence. Well he may. I heard it many years ago from the lips of poor Angus Reach, at a meeting at which the *Man in the Moon* was started. The company included all the chief contributors to that periodical and one or two men on *Punch*. A few weeks afterwards Mr. Leech illustrated the sentiment, and appended it to a sketch of a "gent" before a fireplace addressing one of his companions—"Litera scripta" (et figura picta) *manet*. A reference to the back volumes of *Punch* will settle the question at once.

The annual dinner of the Savage Club is announced for the 9th instant. A number of literary and artistic celebrities are expected. It may be interesting to some few of your readers to learn that this club has been the means of establishing a kind of literary brotherhood between London and Liverpool. Several well-known London writers contribute to the Liverpool *Porcupine*, a very well-sustained comic periodical, of course somewhat too local for general metropolitan appreciation. This is a pleasant, genial exchange of literary amenities, for it must not be forgotten that London is indebted to Liverpool for the Brothers Brough.

Sometimes one goes days without an adventure; sometimes one has two or three a day. The other morning, on getting into an omnibus, I found I had for a *vis-à-vis* a well but quietly dressed lady, whose get-up was all black, except a neutral-coloured flower or two in her bonnet and a pair of pale yellow kid gloves. We had not gone far before she took off the yellow gloves and put on a pair of dark ones, which she took from her pocket. We got out at the same place, and I walked rapidly into Paternoster-row, where I had business. There I was accosted by a short, shabby, little man, very much like De Quincey, who addressed me in a volley of incoherent French, in which I caught the words "Pauvre poète—philanthrope—bon cœur—Dieu vous bénisse!" and comprehended that this person wished me to give him something because he was a "poor poet." Feeling in my pocket, I took out half-a-crown and some halfpence. At sight of the silver the poor poet redoubled his benedictions; but I only gave him the coppers, for which he seemed thankful, though, of course, I didn't believe in him. I then returned to my omnibus (having been absent about half an hour), when the same lady got in again on the return journey. And, after we had gone a little way, she put on the yellow gloves again. Rather curious that; but no less so the fact that I haven't the least idea of where or when she got out of the omnibus. Now, I "notice," like a detective, you must know; but on this occasion, although the lady had excited my curiosity, all I can say is that, looking round, I found she was gone. Now, who will put these unconnected matters together and make a sensation novel out of them?—"The Beggar and the Lady; or, the Mystery of the Yellow Gloves."

I see that a French surgeon, having cut off a cancerous tongue, has made the patient a gutta-percha one, which answers very well for speech and for swallowing! Pray, do you happen to know (what is a positive fact) that organic substances have been so closely imitated that the artificial article is hardly to be distinguished from the real? For instance, artificial meat. There was a Turkish Pacha who severely bastinadoed a dealer in artificial eyes for selling him one with which, after several days' trial, he couldn't see; but really, if things go on at this rate, we shall not be obliged to disappoint even such high hopes as his.

I find the following in the last number of the *London Review*, apropos of certain proceedings of the "National Shakespeare Committee," which have met with general condemnation, and to which the *ILLUSTRATED TIMES* may claim the merit of having first directed public attention. In spite of its length, I ask you to find space for the extract, although the great writer to whom it refers has since passed away from our midst—

his worldly task hath done,  
Home hath gone, and 't'is his wages.

It is in every way desirable that those who put this last affront upon him should not escape any portion of the opprobrium which is their just due.

These nor carketh care nor slander;  
Nothing but the small cold worm  
Freteth thine embowered form.  
Let them rave.  
Light and shadow ever wander  
O'er the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

Annexed is the extract to which I refer:—

Luckily, the excellent object of the committee could not fail to bring round it the right men, and amongst its vice-presidents—the presidency being at present left open and awaiting the acceptance of the Prince of Wales—are to be found the Dukes of Devonshire, Manchester, Newcastle, the Earl of Carlisle, and, what is more interesting to the public, Mr. Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. At the last meeting of the committee—*hinc ille lachrymæ*—it was very properly proposed to place Mr. Thackeray, perhaps the finest novelist, and certainly the most scholarly writer of the Queen's English of this age, by the side of three gentlemen who are proud to be considered his equals. Of course, many of the very best men at once voted for this. But the "council" was too wary for them; it commands, as it were, the votes of its foreign, general, dramatic, colonial, and literary secretaries, for its officers are loyal; and the wire-puller of the concern did not wish—so it would seem—Mr. Thackeray to be elected. It was therefore explained to the Chairman, Colonel Sykes, that Mr. Thackeray had been several times written to to join, as an equal, the great body of the committee, and that, not having replied to any one invitation, his unwillingness to do so was thereby manifested. The chairman then very properly remarked that the committee could not possibly elect a man who was unwilling to serve, and

the motion for a fresh and proper invitation was lost. Hence we hear that Manchester and other towns, where the author of "Vanity Fair" is fully appreciated, are about to hold themselves aloof from the movement or to have a statue of their own. Hence a good deal of jealousy and heart-burning, which should never have been allowed to have crept into so glorious a movement. No petty literary jealousies should be for one moment fomented or rubbed into excitement when men of letters seek to do honour to their great head and chief.

The whole matter admits of easy explanation. The *Morning Star* more than hints that Mr. Thackeray is very anxious to be with the movement, and we can believe that he is. The gossipers and club-loungers of some weekly papers have, with apparent knowledge of their subject, gone on the same tack; and, presuming these suggestions to be correct, we may easily explain the matter. The two most prominent gentlemen in this acting committee, or council, not as originators, but as secretaries, are the David and Jonathan of a literary organ whose columns were disfigured by a virulent and indecent criticism—needlessly cruel, offensive, and unjust—on the charming novel by Miss Thackeray, "The Story of Elizabeth." To one or both of these gentlemen the father of the authoress attributed (rightly or wrongly, but wrongly, as we suppose) the slashing review, and was highly indignant at its cruel attack. This was known to the committee; and yet, with exquisite taste, these gentlemen were put prominently forward to write and beg the adhesion of the great satirist of the day. It was as if Jeames, after conquering with Hangelina, when at the height of his fortune were condescendingly to ask Captain Silvertop to dinner. The historian of literary snobs and snobs in general most probably—shall we say properly?—threw the letters into the fire, and hence the apparent slight on the committee. Let us hope that all this will be explained away, and that the influence of the nine gentlemen who pertinaciously voted for Mr. Thackeray will, at the next general meeting, be again put forward, and be crowned with success. In raising a monument to the gentlest, the mildest, sweetest, and most universal poet, who felt no literary antagonisms, but extended to all his charming sympathies in a "largest universal" like the sun, surely all petty animosities should be dispensed with, all foolish bickerings should die out; and men who are wise enough to teach the world how to live, and their brother authors how to write, should be great enough to behave well and humbly when they wish to serve and to invoke the spirit of the Mighty Dead.

I have been looking over the new French publication *L'Autographe*. Its editors—Messieurs de Villemessant and Bourdin, formerly of the *Figaro*—have undertaken a somewhat considerable task. They propose to publish twice a month, and their paper is to contain lithographic facsimiles of the handwriting of all the political, civil, military, bureaucratic, literary, scientific, dramatic, artistic, musical, and conversational celebrities of France, past and present. I find by the specimens in the first number that the lady who professes to discover the sex, age, calling, tastes, personal appearance, height, weight, and complexion of an individual by a mere sight of his or her caligraphy, must be a genius by intuition. The handwriting of the present Emperor is undecided, nervous, fiftful, and wavering. He has four ways of forming the letter S; sometimes crowds his words into a small space, and sometimes sprawls them over a large one. On the other hand, the writing of Louis Philippe, when he signed his abdication, in 1848, is firm and bold. Will any reader who has matriculated in Germany, and who passes his days in the study of the solid truths and satisfactory results gleaned from the joyous science of metaphysics, explain this apparent contradiction?

I translate a few of the most characteristic traits in the text of the autographs. Here is Garibaldi's address to his soldiers after the taking of Rome. It sounds like a trumpet of thunder:—

Soldiers! To those who would follow me I offer hunger, cold, and heat, neither bread, barracks, food, nor ammunition; but instead, continual duty, constant attacks, battles, forced marches, and charges of the bayonet.

Who love their country will follow me!

GARIBALDI.

A different address the above—I still quote from *L'Autographe*, from that of a certain commandant of gendarmerie, who, when in Africa, immediately before a decisive charge, said to his men:—

Gendarmes! Forward! Do not forget that you are all married men, and that your horses are your own property!

M. Dumasoir, the famous dramatist, gives the following bit of copy-book morality:—

Cowards are ever the friends of the wicked!

True, M. Dumasoir; but neither original nor witty.

V. Broglie's contribution runs, "My name is not worthy to figure in a collection;" to which George Sand says, "Nor mine;" to which Eugene Sue says, "Nor mine either;" of which Viennet very properly remarks, "Oh! triple pride!" to which Paul Feval, the real author of the drama known in London as the "Duke's Motto," adds, "Say quadruple, and say no more about it."

Here is more outrageous modesty. Thiers being asked to contribute, sends:—

I know not what to say, and I avow it!—A. THIERS.

On which M. Emile de Girardin remarks, "Oh, Bavaud!"

Well may Salvandy, the ex-Minister of Public Instruction say, apropos of the above,

And these are the two men of our day who possess the most extraordinary fecundity of ideas. M. Emile de Girardin promises us one a day; M. Thiers, without promising, gives us a thousand. They were in a niggarly humour when they wrote the above!

The handwriting of Lamartine is small and delicate as that of an excitable and impressionable woman. His contribution runs:—

Borné dans sa nature, infini dans ses vœux,  
L'homme est un Dieu tombé qui se souvient des Dieux.

Here is an idea of Leon Gozlan's, singular and clever enough to deserve reproduction:—

Being rather mad, I have always attached to every shade of sensation I have experienced the notion of a colour. Thus, to me, piety is of a tender blue; resignation, pearl-grey; joy, apple-green; satiety, the colour of *capit-au-lait*; pleasure, velvet-rose; sleep, the hue of tobacco smoke; reflection, orange; ennui, chocolate; the unpleasantness of paying a bill, lead-colour; receiving money, a bright red; rent day, burnt sienna—a villainous colour. As to happiness, that is a colour I know not.

LEON GOZLAN.

But the pages of *L'Autographe* are an inexhaustible mine of pleasant perilsage, and want of space warns me to conclude my extracts. I send a little military sketch made by Prince Louis Napoleon on the last day of 1862. It is very clever and spirited for a child of such tender age. Perhaps a facsimile of it may suit your pages.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

### THE MAGAZINES.

I am quite oppressed (not a misprint for impressed) with the new-year's moralising which meets me on so many hands in the magazines for January. You see, most of it is done by hands that are used to another line. One very pathetic writer thanks Heaven for the calendar, and asks what we should all do if the day were forty-eight hours long. Oh, my dear Sir, have you ever solved the problem of a herring and a half for three halfpence, &c.? or the puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise? If you have, here's another for you:—Whether the day was forty-eight thousand hours, or forty-eight thousand minutes long, would not make the slightest difference. How is that? Take your time; don't be alarmed over it; live low; shave your head; and you'll see your way to the answer by the middle of next week!

*Blackwood* is still entitled to the place of honour. He charges half-a-crown, but he gives you half-a-crown's worth in good reading. There is a very good political article on the deepening of the "European Crisis;" and one on "Winchester College," which is among the pleasantest bits of reading I have fallen in with for a long time. "The Chronicles of Carlingford" keep up well. Bulwer Lytton contributes a poem, called "The Mind and the Body," which is not bad, but which, down to the very rhythm, is a palpable reminiscence of an old poem by Matthew Green, a Custom-house clerk of a hundred years ago, beginning, I recollect,

Says Body to Mind, "Th's amazing to see,  
Though so nearly related, we never agree;  
But lead a strange, wrangling sort of a life,  
As great plagues to each other as husband and wife."

Bulwer's poem is exactly in the same metre, and is hardly an improvement upon our old friend in other respects.

*Fraser* begins the new year with a weighty and carefully-edited number. The papers on "The Highway of Nations," "The Royal Academy Commission," and "The Poetry of the Eighteenth Century," will not suffer themselves to be overlooked. Since *Macmillan* appeared in (shall we say) the Broad Church interest, *Fraser* has been gradually slipping off the track on which we used to find it from ten to five years ago, and it has at present hardly found out its new line; but it will do so before long, no doubt.

In the *Cornhill* the new story, "Margaret Denzil's History," is moving forward upon lines of action and sentiment full of originality and character. It is a very striking story. The number contains an article of great interest about "Publishers before the Age of Printing," and another ("Shylock in London") about money-lenders, which is also capital. Mr. Noel Paton's "Ulysses in Ogygia" is a poetic study, but not a poem—it is a mosaic of commonplaces well hung together. In his illustration the background is good, but the figure is bad. The hero looks as if he were slipping off the boulder, and trying to hold on by his hands. The number also contains a good article on "Money and Money's Worth"—a discussion of the gold question.

In *Macmillan* there is a very good paper, by Mr. Maurice, on Renan's "Life of Jesus;" and Mr. Kingsley has his say on Mr. Froude's last volumes. The editor continues his sketches with that unhappy title, "Dead Men Whom I have Known"—the most unhappy title I ever saw. Why not say, at once, "Corpses that I have Dissected?" or, "Skeletons that I have Danced With?" Henry Kingsley's tale, "The Hullyers and Burtons," keeps up briskly. *Macmillan* is an instructive example for some of its competitors. It has a purpose and a conscience, and is not afraid; so it holds its own, and makes its mark.

*Temple Bar* gives the opening chapters of a new story by Miss Braddon, "The Doctor's Wife"—and very pleasant, hearty reading they are. Mr. Sidney Blanchard contributes a happy paper, called "The Inner Life of a Shipwreck." It is well worth reading. It strikes me there is some real faculty behind the graceful verse-writing of "S. M."

The *Victoria Magazine* has sterling qualities, and a character of its own; it is a sort of milder *Macmillan*. The literary summary is so good that I cannot but suspect in it the hand of the one man of positive genius whose name I have seen in this serial. I hope the *Victoria* will be able to persevere; if so, it will make a footing for itself.

*London Society* is, as usual, a good idea more than half spoiled—as far as its letterpress goes. The illustrations are all very fair; and one, "Thelka," is very good. The intelligent writer of the short essay about Thelka's song makes a criticism which is both right and wrong. He rightly blames Bulwer for translating Schiller, in the second verse, "Heavenly Father." This, he says, should be, "Oh, mother in heaven!" and he speaks of the suffering child and "the departed mother." But Thelka's mother was not dead; she was alive and active, and reappears in "The Death of Wallenstein." The original is "Du heilige!"—Thou holy one, feminine—the address being to the Virgin. Coleridge has fallen into the same trap as Bulwer, overlooking the gender, and gives "Thou Holy One!" which to the English reader means God himself. The case would not be less curious if it should prove that there are two versions of the ballad; but, of course, neither Bulwer nor anybody else could read *Vater für Mutter*.

Worst of all is the *St. James's Magazine*. But it contains a good article by Elizabeth O'Hara, on "Society in the Schwarzwald," and one called "The Reverse of the Shield," which looks like the writing of an amateur, who might some day do better. In the leading story is this charming bit of description:—"The body of her riding-habit fitted faultlessly, and displayed a beautifully tapering waist, above which swelled out, in rolling voluptuousness, those rounded curves which such an attire is so well calculated to make conspicuous." This, I suppose, goes down with the chaste public which will have its "Arabian Nights" and its "Shakespeare" expurgated for it.

*Good Words* is such a wonder of meritorious cheapness that I am quite puzzled in assigning it a rank. There are in the January number ninety-six double-columned pages, and the letterpress bears names like those of Isaac Taylor (whose astonishing prose is, perhaps, the best of any now written), Sir John F. W. Herschel (who invites communications about the weather!); Mrs. Wood, who begins a new story, Dinah Mulock, A. K. H. B., Mr. Gosse (the naturalist), Alexander Smith, and others. Above all, Jean Ingelow contributes the ballad of "The Noble Mercier." The illustrations, of which there are several, are all good, except the one to Mrs. Wood's "Oswald Cray." Nobody cares to have an elaborate view of an old woman's boot-soles. The full-page woodcuts of "Winter" and "The Cornish Coast" are deserving of the highest praise.

In the *Churchman's Family Magazine* we have the opening of a new story, "The Clever Woman of the Family," by Miss Yonge, who seems as fresh, as subtle, as observant, and as lovable as ever. She is heartily welcome, and we shall all be glad to see Rachel in love with the Major. This magazine also gives us, revised, the paper on Church Music, by the Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Oxford Professor, read at Manchester last October. It is well worth attention; but the learned Professor should, surely, have hinted that people like the old Greeks may have found (as the modern Arabs and others may find) compensation for the absence of harmony in the exquisitely graduated shades of melody which are possible with a scale minutely subdivided. If ancient testimony may be relied upon, we have lost something in fineness of ear. Is it not Dionysius of Halicarnassus who says that, in a crowded theatre, a singer or player on the cithara who made the least trip with his enharmonic diesis was liable to be hissed off? Dr. Burney said, "the intervals of the close enharmonic tetrachord appeared wholly strange and unmanageable;" but he had to learn that the Arabian scale was broken into quarter tones!

Mr. Beeton's *Boy's Own Magazine* contains, among much good matter, one article that I must mention. It is by the Rev. J. G. Wood, about the Wourali poison of the Macoushie Indians. Mr. Wood has proved it to be immediately fatal after being kept on hand fifty years! By all means read the article if you can. Mr. Waterton (the great traveller, you know, who rides on alligators and all that) thinks the Wourali poison is a cure for hydrophobia and lockjaw, and volunteers, if telegraphed for, to come and administer it. But suppose it shouldn't be a cure?





NEW-YEAR'S DAY: VISIT FROM THE RICH UNCLE FROM WHOM THE FAMILY HAVE EXPECTATIONS.—SEE PAGE 3.







## OUR FEUILLETON.

## SOME FAVOURITE CHRISTMAS CHARACTERS.

NO. III.—CLOWN.

Uneasy lies his head who is a Clown—at least at Christmas; and uneasy still must it lie at other portions of the year when Clowns are not in season; for the appetites of children are unconquerable—their little bills are due every three hours, are presented regularly at table and renew themselves. The wide, keen powers of observation of Mr. Samuel Weller, joined to the medical experiences of Mr. Robert Sawyer, failed to find a glimpse of a dead post-boy. It is equally impossible to meet with a Clown unmarried; equally impossible to meet with one who has not been married for a number of years, and who has not an equal number of children—wonderful, lithe, plastic, little fellows, who would seem to be called into existence as by the wand of an enchanter on the occasion of their father's benefit, and appear as Sprites, Imps, Cats, Rats, Frogs, Toads, Monkeys, Tortoises, and Beetles, for there is a pantomimical zoology as well as a natural and scientific one.

What becomes of Clowns in their abnormal state—that is, during the months of April, May, June, July, August, September, and October? Do they, as we read of provident animals, amass sufficient means to live during the warm, inhospitable summer? Alas, we fear not. Without a basis of operations, such as a public-house, a tobacco-shop, or, as in some cases, an ed-pie establishment, we are afraid that it goes hard with those merry fellows who cause us such sport at Christmas, and who, while giving us so much enjoyment, appear so much to enjoy themselves.

But before we inquire where all the Clowns go to, it is necessary to discover whence they come.

The same fate, a destiny resistless and remorseless, hangs over Clowns that shadows the family of Sanson, the hereditary executioners of Paris. Clowns themselves, their sons must be Clowns, and their grandsons, their great-grandsons, and so following. Clowns will be Clowns, unless, as in the case of a large family, when some must be Harlequins and others Pantaloon to make up a pantomimic troupe; and then the question, which is to be Clown, is an endless source of domestic discussion and dissension. And what consequence more natural? They see that "father" is considered a right merry fellow by his friends. Huge pictures of "father" are upon the walls. "Father" can tumble and do feats of strength. When "father" takes his benefit there is a great crowd, and a clapping of hands, and voices shouting "Hurray!" When "father" passes up the street, men and women smile, and children point. "That's Tickleto, the Clown!" they say. Even on themselves—the Clowns' children—shines a reflected popularity. They are the "Little Tickleto!" and there are woodcuts on the walls calling them "Little Wonders," and representing them in various impossible attitudes—all the work of "father." Father is a privileged person—a Jack Sheppard or a Dick Turpin, without the crime. His stealing a yard of sausage is not a felony, but the best of practical jokes; his purloining of a bullock's heart from a butcher's tray is not a larceny, but a positive honour conferred upon the butcher. When father comes back from his "work," and tosses up the baby, he does it acrobatically, with a knowledge that those gristly little bones will bend to anything. When he dances the two last upon his knee—which he does with the same clownish gleo as if he had stolen them in the course of professional practice—he sings them "Tippity-wohet!" When he lulls them to slumber it is to the time-honoured tune of "Hot Coddlings," with the usual Christmas emphasis on the "Tol-lol-iddy-iddy-iddy-iddy-iddy, Ri-fol-iddy-I-do!" What wonder, then, that his children should be Clowns? It is as much foredoomed as that Banquo's issue should be Kings of Scotland!

Of course, there are exceptions, and those exceptions are orphan callboys. If the callboys have a father or mother living they will most likely discourage the idea of their becoming Clowns; and, unless pushed to it by destiny, they will subside into theatrical low comedians or commercial greengrocers. But the callboy, when an orphan, in the solitude of his own chambers, can practise the antics, tricks, and contortions of the Clown. Opposite a three-cornered piece of glass he can rehearse the famous "Tickleto mug," that is, the stretching of the mouth almost from ear to ear, and the forcing of the tongue forward till the nose is thrown into a comparative background. There, too, unheard, unseen, he can fall down upon the bare boards, smiting the floor with his open palm, and then, rising with pretended pain, rub the region affected, and limp, as with comic contusions, into a distant corner. The corner gained, he will use the whole side of the room as a fleshbrush, and rub himself up and down as if the application of the cold wall afforded an instantaneous relief and balm for bruises.

The Clown by promotion is usually raised from the ranks of the ragged lads engaged for the Pantomime. As an Imp, Salamander, Vulture, Toad, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Griffin, Cat, or nondescript, he has distinguished himself; or, when immersed in a patent sausage-machine has covered himself with glory by a series of facial contortions, when an appreciative stage-manager has taken a fancy to him, and he rises in the scale of pantomimic zoology by the regular gradations of Imp, Fiend, Rat, Cat, Dog, Monkey, Clown!

For, as we have said, the "natural selections" made by the stage-manager have a logical and scientific sequence, beginning with the lower diabolicals of pantomime and terminating with its highest mental and physical development of Clown.

Every child knows what Clown does at Christmas; but the most intelligent of infants, even in these days of early education and precocious talent, are not informed as to how they pass the remainder of the year.

There are Clowns and Clowns, as there are railway-carriages and railway-carriages—first, second, and third class.

The first-class Clown when off duty is a tremendous fellow, and wears such extraordinary hats, coats, waistcoats, and trousers as to mislead a bewildered spectator into the belief that they were made for him by the property-man of the theatre, and not by ordinary hatters or tailors, so little do they resemble the garments of ordinary men. Especially does the first-class Clown during the pantomime interregnum delight in jewellery—shawl-pins, brooches, studs, chains, rings, and buttons; and it would appear that for this department of decoration he also applied to the property-man, and not to the jeweller, for the shawl-pins, brooches, studs, chains, rings, and buttons worn by the first-class Clown no more resemble the ornaments worn by ordinary men than does the gigantic warming-pan with which he inflicts acute pain upon Pantaloon resemble the real domestic article always so olfactorily suggestive of curled hair and house on fire.

The clothes of the first-class Clown are always of the new, newest, and of the shiny, shiniest. His hat is hard, stiff, and glossy as a mirror; it also has brims the like of which were never seen on any other head by mortal man. The arrangement of the hair is tuffy. Short behind as a convict's or a swell's, it asserts itself by a curl like the tail of a comma, carefully trained into each eye. His face is broad, large, and has an expression of subdued fun, repressed jocularity, and flattened merriment. His shirt-collar is a wonder, and the whole energy of his nature, as well as recollections of the fantastic pattern of his professional attire, is thrown into his cravat. It generally looks as if it had been an expensive turban snatched from the head of a despotic Pacha; and the enormous jewel that glitters in its centre—a sort of koh-i-noor of private life—might have punned together the folds of the headdress of a Maharane. All turtan is the waistcoat, and of any pattern between the Rob Roy paid and illuminated peppermint. It is a gorgeous thing of beauty, a id, as we know, a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. It is not only the pattern of the vest itself, with all its stained-glass-window-glowing glories, that claims our polite attention. There are the buttons. Those buttons are buttons—not mere contrivances for fastening the garment, but buttons that the button-holes must feel proud of encompassing. What may not those buttons be? Diamond, crystal, sapphire, opal, emerald, or amethyst; or if, disdaining prisms, the Clown's vest rushes into art, they may be tiny photographs of himself in five different characters, as thus:—Signor Tickleto, as himself; Signor Tickleto, as Clown; Signor Tickleto, as Scaramouch; Signor Tickleto, as Blasiot, in

the favourite ballet d'action of "Mad as a March Hare;" and Signor Tickleto, as Tom, in the drama of "The Dumb Man of Manchester." Popularity has its penalties, and it would seem to be the inconvenience of Signor Tickleto's life that he is compelled always to ticket himself as Signor Tickleto, and to proclaim that artist's presence as he walks.

But we must not digress. We have not yet finished with the waistcoat; for sometimes that gorgeous garment eschews the aid of jeweller or photographer, and then the poetry of feeling is brought into play, and it is fastened by bands of a lady's hair, or by five teeth set in silver—two of which were once the property of friends—two supposed to have been the personal property of the late eminent Grimaldi; and the other one to have belonged to the celebrated dog Hector.

But, above and beyond these attractions, the waistcoat is all over pockets, and the pockets are all over chains; not small gold chains, but large gold chains of arabesque and complicated patterns. These chains wind in and out, and here and there, and through this place and into another, and round about, in a serpentine sort of fashion, the clue of which is only known to the wearer. The superincumbent weight upon the broad chest of the first-class Clown must be enormous; and to carry about those buttons and chains constitutes in itself a feat of strength.

The task of describing the Clown's waistcoat has been so difficult that it has hardly left us space to do justice to his coat and trousers. Suffice it, then, that the coat also possesses many conveniences in the shape of pockets, and that there is stowage for the conventional goose and string of sausages, hidden away among velvet, braid, frogs, and other prettinesses not often seen on coats except in foreign fashion-books, and on Stock Exchange gentlemen who do a considerable trade on the Levant.

The first-class Clown's trousers are usually of a smart check; and it is a rule that there should be a broad stripe down the sides, without which he would feel uncomfortable. A richly-chased and heavy silver-headed horsewhip completes his equipment, which, with a singular gait and a knowing cock of the hat, gives an ensemble at once tuffy and resplendent.

During the summer the first-class Clown takes "starring" engagements in the country, and sometimes—often, we hope—makes considerable sums of money. The labour is well worth it. Let our readers consider what it must be to play Clown in August—with that mass of thick paint on the face, those heavy clothes, and that terrible muscular exertion—in a small, hot, and crowded theatre.

The first-class Clown is very frequently the landlord of a tavern. His summer is then passed behind his bar, and it is only in winter that he courts the triumphs of the theatre.

Among pantomimists and actors of small parts the demeanour of the Clown is magisterial and important. He knows that he is King of the Christmas Revels, and an authority on racing, boating, fighting, and all muscular exercises; but, should conversation turn on politics, or literature, or art, he has too much good taste to hazard an opinion on subjects with which he knows he is not familiar.

The second-class Clown is a soiled, thumbred, tarnished, and tattered edition of his first-class brother. His tastes, his finery, his pretensions are the same; but, whether from want of equal ability or equal opportunities for its display, or that terrible professional simoon, ill-luck—and theatrical life is such a lottery that each of these drawbacks is as fatal as the other—he is generally struggling and needy. In vain he takes a "public;" either customers do not come or he is ruined by giving "credit" to his pals. In vain does he seek to find compensation for the short endurance of the Christmas season in an eel-pie-shop. Either the taste for that delicacy declines in the vicinity of his emporium or it has to be created by a capitalist who can afford to lose. One Clown we knew combined pies with pantomime—all sorts of pies, eel, veal, kidney, currant, mince, and apple; he even made two apparently contradictory professions subservient to each other by throwing every purchaser of pies a gratuitous grimace into the bargain.

"Please, Mr. Buller," an urchin would say, as he entered the shop, a fat penny in his chubby hand, "a pie and a comic mug, Sir!"

The "chef" would immediately ask, with a facial contortion from his Christmas collection, what variety of pie best suited the boy's palate?

"Curran, Sir!"

The "curran" was immediately handed, with another funny face, and the boy would depart, grinning jucily.

When the Clown takes a tobacco-shop it is generally the headquarters of pantomime; and there unemployed Clowns will sit for hours smoking, and chatting on the subjects dearest to their hearts, and looking at the fancy articles with which it is always the pride of the Clown-tobacconist to decorate his window. Strangely enough, their favourite pattern for pipes is a death's-head. Surrounded by comic associations Clowns generally delight in funerals, in sentimental melodramas, morbid novels, and terrible accidents. It is the natural rebound from the *entourage* of their calling—the compensation the serious element of nature demands from their nightly comicities.

A Clown's funeral is a singular sight. All the living Clowns within ten miles flock to it; and, from the fatherless children in mourning to the mimics who attend to honour the occasion, there is a grave decency and a mournful dignity which would not be looked for in such an assemblage. The best and highest feelings of their natures are roused, and it is not in the power of hotbands, those streaming disturbers of solemn thoughts, to remove the impression from the bystander that the funeral is of no ordinary character. As they stand round the grave, the clergyman will remark that all the mourners' faces wear one expression—not only the expression of grief, but that of fraternal sympathy—that they all seem to have known him who has gone, and with more than the mere circumstance of acquaintanceship. And he would be a strangely unobservant man if this did not force itself upon him. This Harlequin "worked" with the dead man only last Christmas; that Pantaloon had fulfilled three engagements with him, the last in Copenhagen in a circus. And that the sympathy they exhibit is not mere show may be inferred from the fact of many of the mourners travelling miles to play for the benefit of the widow and children; that one of them will take the eldest boy as 'prentice, and another the girl to rear for Columbine. When a Clown is buried in the Christmas time how must the Clown feel who takes his place at the theatre, and the night after, in the same dress, tumbles on to the stage with a "Here we are!" to a yell of rapture from the gallery? Like the soldier who fills up the gap that instant made by his slain comrade. "Alas, poor Yorick!" Of all callings in the world Shakespeare made the man over whose skull Hamlet moralises a jester, a sort of Clown, "Go, bid him paint an inch thick." But we will not pursue the subject further, nor apologise for using a scrap of quotation that has so often done its duty, and which, in connection with such a theme, it is impossible to avoid.

Third-class Clowns congregate at corners in Bow-street, Covent-garden, about the beginning of November, at which time Clowns are looking up and managers of theatres are looking up Clowns. Their appearance is *flash* in the extreme. They seldom wear beaver hats, but prefer a wideawake or a glazed cap. They delight in long hair highly oiled; and it is a remarkable fact that, so long as artists of this description are unrecognised by the public, they look on length of hair as a distinction, and the unluckier they are the longer they let it grow. It is a sort of protest against Fate! Once popular, they have it cut. During summer it is hard to say what becomes of them. Perhaps they would find it difficult to say themselves. They play small parts in theatres, and, by some unaccountable circumstance, are always cast for that singular stage personage, the Captain of the Guard. In their delineation of this officer their bearing is always infinitely superior to their appearance. Their idea of discipline is extraordinary. To the villainous Minister in power they are markedly obedient. When that potentate says to the offending and impetuous lover, "Give up your sword!" the Captain of the Guard seizes it with a personal malevolence, and marches off his captive as if it were not only a duty but a pleasure. As a gaoler, the Christmas exotic is grim and unfeeling in the extreme, and he delights in

being a slave hunter, who, shot by the glorified negro, falls from a high rock into the rolling rapids below. On the other hand, he is as happy as a slave, faithful and dumb, and will fight combats for Massa, and Missee Rosa, and the little piccaninnies till all is blue fire! He is not quite at his ease as Zamiel, in the opera of "Der Freischutz;" for, though the demoniacal "make up" and red foil round the eyes are agreeable, the "cackling"—that is, speaking—makes him nervous. Despite of this, he always acquits himself with credit, and shouts as only a demon could. Scraps of real pantomime occasionally cheer his otherwise dreary dramatic existence. He plays in ballets, in which he is invariably a miller, getting himself into trouble with the mill, the sacks, a well, and the bridge across the back of the scene. Sometimes he plays in "The Dumb Man of Manchester" and "Obi, or Three-Fingered Jack," manuscripts of which, with the original music, always form the principal part of his library. When he takes his benefit he will play Orson, in the grand, romantic, legendary spectacle of "Valentine and Orson," and his great trouble will be to find an actor—"a mere cackler"—of sufficient intelligence to undertake the arduous character of the Bear. "Actors," a Clown might remark, "are limited in their notions of art. They can only play men, which they are themselves; they never soar sufficiently out of their own individuality to sink their identity into that of an animal." In addition to Orson, there are monkeys in various pieces, and the supernatural pantomime of "Don Juan; or, the Spectre on Horseback;" and with these the bad three quarters of the year may be got over—till he orders his shoes and his wigs, and puts on his "practising clothes" for Christmas.

Clowns, particularly those of small celebrity, have an *argot* of their own, according to which Clown is Vampo, derived from his having to vamp or dodge through the comic business when the tricks come tardy off, or the property-man is inattentive. Pantaloon is "Old un," and Harlequin "Patchy," for obvious reasons. Wheelbarrows, sentry-boxes, carrots, fish, legs of mutton, and other properties, he classes generally as "fakements." Sometimes he soars into complete unintelligibility.

"Getting on capitally?" inquired a stage-manager of a Clown who was rehearsing with the other pantomimists.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply. "That is the way we fake the alum and put the zidiki upon the splaudger!" (meaning, "That is the way we do the trick and put the success, or expense, or swindle, as the case may be, upon the manager.")

When Lord Byron frequented the greenroom of Drury-lane he occasionally met Paulo, the Clown, whom he guessed, from his name, to be an Italian. Paulo was English, not only to the backbone but to the very roots of his tongue. Paulo was merely his *nom de théâtre*, or, as we read the other day in a theatrical journal, his *nom d'étage*. His Lordship, thinking to please the interesting foreigner by the dulcet sounds of the language of his native land, addressed him in the purest accents of Tuscany.

Paulo was amazed; and, wishing to reply politely to his noble interrogator, answered,

"Yes, Sir—I mean my Lord—very likely; just so."

His Lordship, perceiving his mistake, wished him "Good-night!" and walked away.

"Old un," said Paulo to his Pantaloon, pointing to the retreating figure with the well-known black cloak, gracefully disposed to conceal the unfortunate foot, "See him?"

"Yes."

"Lord Byron—poet!"

"I know."

Paulo placed his mouth close to the Pantaloon's ear, and whispered, "Mad—as a hatter!"

## NO. IV.—PANTALOOON.

It is recorded of a little girl who, on hearing her mamma talk of new moons, asked what became of the old ones, that she received for reply, that they were cut up into stars, an explanation which, whatever may be its scientific value, served to inculcate at an early age the practice of the strictest economy, from the very highest planetary examples. If the little girl's mamma had chosen for the subject of conversation pantomimes and not planets, new Clowns and not new moons, and her little girl had asked what became of the old Clowns, her mamma might have replied, with stricter adherence to fact, that they were cut up into Pantaloons. So close is the analogy between the pantomimic and the planetary—the social and the scientific worlds.

But, though Pantaloon has for the last few years suffered a diminution of importance, and become only an infirm and aged dependent upon Clown, ready to be knocked down and picked up again at the shortest notice, it was not so always. Forty years ago, in the palmy days of the Grimaldian era, when the dwellers near Sadler's Wells were as ignorant of the existence of a dramatic poet of the name of Shakespeare as the Fire Worshipers of India of the theories of Isaac Newton, Pantaloon was an old gentleman of good repute, educated in a regular way, having a distinct and decided will of his own, keeping a man-servant—a proof of substance and respectability—and altogether not a bad representation of the septuagenarian—senile, silly, avaricious, doting, obstinate, fond, feeble, and futile.

Grimaldi was the Napoleon of pantomime. There had been Kings before him, but he was Emperor, and governed where his predecessors had only ruled. In the days of that truly great man the social position of Pantaloon was distinct and defined. He was Clown's master, hirer, and employer. Clown was his half-foolish, half-knavish servant; but distinctly a servant, who received his master's orders, knocked at doors when he bade him, ordered his supper for him, and helped him on with the coat he had stolen. The comic business of a pantomime in former times was logical. Clown, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Columbine had played characters in the opening or introduction. They were really and thoroughly transformed in sight of the audience. A pantomime used not to be a mere conglomeration of tricks, tumbling, spangles, metamorphoses, music, dancing, and floating and suspended Fairies. Harlequin and Columbine had reason to fly from the search of Pantaloon and his mischievous follower. Their "violent haste and spleen of speed" made the comic business one long sort of flight to Gretna-green to evade passionate parents in pursuit in post-chaises; and if the reader will kindly condone the offence of our abominable affectation of aliteration, we will prove to them that the excessive familiarity of Clown, the servant, with Pantaloon, the master, was a natural consequence and a thing that must be. Pantaloon was an old rogue, and he knew it; and not only knew it himself, but knew that Clown knew it also; and therefore he took Clown into his confidence and made him his confederate. The old rascal, too nervous to steal himself, did it by deputy. He would engage the lady in conversation while Clown, under his instructions, stole her reticule. It was the hoary old *fence* who asked the price of mutton while his pupil stole the joint. What wonder, then, that Clown took liberties, or endeavoured to secrete a portion of the plunder for himself, and that his master, discovering the fact, too little known, that there is no honour among thieves, should upbraid and strike him? That Clown should, in the emphatic language of American senators, "hit him again?" And that, after the row, they should make it up, and forgive each other, and be friends until some new robbery or legacy fell in to make them fall out and fight again? Clown was but to pantomime as the valet to old comedy—old comedy, witty, sensual, amusing, and unprincipled. Clown was Jocrisse, Scapin, Figaro. But Pantaloon was proprietor of the shop, in which Clown shaved and swindled his master's customers.

*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* and Pantaloon is Clown's servant, paid in thumps, and seems to be no relation to Columbine whatever: and Columbine coquets with a queer thing in spangles called a Sprite; and Clown is an accomplished artist, and plays the violin, the piano, and the harp, and will soon deliver a course of educational lectures, and be a member of the Archaeological Society and Fellow of the Society of Arts; and altogether Pantomime is too



gorgeous a personage to condescend to be funny. No; fun is low and should be left to the comic periodicals. As we have said, the relations of Clown to Pantaloon are reversed. The servant lives in the drawing-room and the master cleans his boots; and Christmas pantomime is no longer a story, but a highly-ornamented, brightly-varnished hodge-podge, all costume and no figure—all gold frame and no picture.

"Comic business, Sir," said a retired Pantaloon of the Grimaldian school to us, the other day, as we looked over one of the original playbills of "Mother Goose," and lamented the past glories of pantomime, as the famous New Zealander might the civilisation of the nineteenth century. When Joe (Grimaldi) acted the fun was all in the business that he and I, and Harlequin, did between us, in the mistakes he made and the messes we both got into. When he hit me—his master—it was by accident—that is, he intended the blow for another, and then he used to beg my pardon and rub me down, and appear sorry. He never turned round, as these modern chaps do now, and attacked his master brutally and openly. He never burned me with a red-hot poker, or wet me with a watering-pot on purpose. I happened to come in his way or he did it from clumsiness or mischievous carelessness. He was a low comedian in Clown's dress, and his Clown's dress was a Clown's dress. It was not like one of those thingamies in a circus—all tights and spangles. La! dear me! what would poor Joey have thought of spangles? He would as soon have played in a mask. Nobody goes to see the Clown nowadays: they go to see the tricks, and the scenery, and the dresses, and how many young women they can hang up among gaslights without burning them. The Pantomimists of the present day have no intellect, Sir. I have absolutely seen Harlequin take his leap—that was all right—then Clown leaped—that would have been all right had he come to grief, but his vanity would not let him do that; he took it as cleanly and as cleverly as Harlequin; and then, Sir, after that, would you believe it, Pantaloon took the leap! Pantaloon! An aged, infirm old man. After that I stopped to see no more, but went home with a heavy heart, and said to myself, as I smoked my pipe, "Good gracious! What would Joey have thought?"

In the glorious days lamented by the Grimaldian Professor, Pantaloon was as prominent and important a character as any other. He gained his position in much the same way as Clown, and accident, some facial peculiarity, or a talent for mimicking the decrepitude of age, made him prefer the part of Pantaloon. One admirable actor of this part was a Clown for many years, but, having a peculiar under jaw, which he could wag with extraordinary rapidity, that accomplishment caused him to change his line of business and devote his energies to the performance of Pantaloon.

The question of what becomes of Clowns during the summer months has been already mooted, and to some extent answered; but what becomes of Pantaloons when they have cast their Christmas wigs, and sticks, and double eyeglass, and totter, and beard, and buckles, is a mystery impossible to solve! As well ask what becomes of all the pins.

Whither the majority wend their way we cannot say; but some few we have traced, and found them, like their coadjutors the Clowns, playing small parts in theatres. In "Hamlet" their favourite characters are Francisco and Bernardo. In "Richard III.," Tyrrel and the Lieutenant of the Tower. In the "Merchant of Venice," they invariably appear as Tubal, and lean upon their stick and wag their beards with an agreeable association of ideas of sticks, and beards, and Christmas. Nothing embarrasses the Pantaloon so much as to appear upon the stage as a young man; and the words, "young man," are not supposed to mean a lad of eighteen or nineteen, but any man less than threescore. He has no notions of histrionic art, except in connection with advanced age, and prefers Edmund Kean's Lear and Macready's Richelieu to any other of their impersonations. He doats upon white hair and whiskers, and his chief admiration for Lord Palmerston is founded upon that nobleman's venerable age. When he is a young man—and there are Pantaloons of twenty—he is fond of being thought older than his years. No words more agreeable to him than

"La, Mr. Totterton! I thought, when I saw you on the stage, that you were sixty at the very least."

Even in private life he carries out his imitation of old folks and old fashions. He wears a stick-up collar and a Brummellian stock, or a handkerchief with a horsehair instrument of torture in its folds. He dresses in dark and subfusc colours; his boots are broad at the toes, and he is never without a stick—not a mere cane, for show, but a good, useful, solid article, with a crook at the handle—the proper companion for the infirmity and dignity of age.

His manners are to match—bland, paternal, and as of the frosts of years. In speaking to his intimates he says, "My son," and interlards his conversation plentifully with that form of address. "A fine day, my son!" "Good-morning, my son!" "Thank you, my son; I'll take a drop of whisky!" for he bears out the notion of the venerable even in his drinks. Spirits are comforting and warming to the aged stomach; and, after a potation, his eyes will light up with the fire of youth, and he will remember like an oldest inhabitant.

"I recollect, my son, when I was a boy, seeing Kean play Bertram, and Eliston acted in the last piece. Wonderful acting, that; never saw the like, my son, in my experience."

The awful solemnity with which he utters these last words—and the speaker may only have passed his forty-fifth year—makes men of only forty-two look up to him as a sort of old Parr of pantomime, or theatrical Methuselah.

The Pantaloon is a great favourite with barmaids; for his paternal tone and assumed antiquity curb the over-boisterous railery or "chaff" of the younger customers.

Pantaloon is very deferential to the powers that be—to the manager, the manageress, the stage-managers, and the prompter. He frequently uses the words "responsibility" and "office." This, too, is an echo of his vocation. No auditor ever saw a Pantaloon "bonnet" a Policeman. He may rob or misdirect him, but he never smashes his hat over his eyes with the brutal violence of Clown. On the contrary; when charged with theft he denies the imputation most respectfully. He says, "I didn't do it, Sir." He calls the Policeman "Sir" the while the Clown yells out "Aie-a-i-e-a-i-e, Bobby!"

Altogether, the Pantaloon is precise, and shuts up his snuffbox carefully and deliberately after he has taken a fatherly pinch. He never commits himself by undue enthusiasm, except for the things of the past; and who shall say he is in the wrong? The "Fine Old English Gentleman" is, after all, a better national ballad than "I wish I were with Nancy!"

One thing we should like to know, and it can be solved only by Pantaloon himself and those wonderful people who read the curious facts gathered in the census: when Pantaloon fills up his census-paper, does he return himself in the column devoted to trade, profession, occupation, or calling—as Pantaloon; and if, he does it is a legal definition?

We once knew a Pantaloon whose chief delight was in hearing oratorios. "That," he used to say, as he left the Hall, "is music, my son—music!"

The essential difference between Clown and Pantaloon is, that while the former courts publicity the latter shuns it. The Clown is loud, boisterous, vociferous, and self-conscious, the Pantaloon quiet, mild, retiring, and dignified. The Clown is a prize peony in full bloom, a sunflower, and a tiger-lily; Pantaloon an elderly daisy, or undredged oyster. Pantaloon is to Clown as Macbeth to his ungentle lady, and lets—"I dare not, wait upon I would"—with Clown "the firstlings of his heart are the firstlings of his hand." The matrons of England have witnessed Clowns' cruelty to babies; how he hits their heads upon the floor; how villainously he nurses them; his general brutality. The gentler Pantaloon soothes their sufferings, pats them on the back paternally, and promises them pap. "Hold yourrow," cries Clown. "Hush-a-by," mumbles Pantaloon. Clown is in the full pride of strength, and appetite, and power of mastication; Pantaloon is toothless, tottering, and senile. The one is the humorous embodiment of brute force; the other of amiable dotage and irritable asthma.

What becomes of the old Pantaloon? They cannot be cut up again into little Clowns or turned into young Harlequins. They are beyond the power of renovation. Medea's cauldron is a fable for them, as for the rest of us; and when Theatrical Funds and the Dramatic College can give no account of them, their fate is as much a mystery as the ultimate destination of the old and rusty pins.

T. W. ROBERTSON.

### THE BURLESQUES AND PANTOMIMES.

It is difficult to imagine what would be the result of a sudden abolition of the burlesques and pantomimes at this season of the year, which it is usual to call "festive." No doubt, people would take refuge in witnessing other and more serious performances, since the theatres are pretty well the only amusement of a large portion of the London population; but it may be doubted whether the change would be one for the better. The truth is that Christmas-tide is essentially associated with a feeling of rejuvenescence; it is a children's holiday, and we all of us should love to be childlike, if not childish, from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night inclusive. So even the gravest amongst us go "to the play," and laugh at Prince Prettyman, and roar with Clown; and even when we catch ourselves thinking how different it all seemed to us thirty years ago, turn to some merry group of little ones, and live and laugh over again in them.

There is certainly no lack of Christmas entertainment at the theatres this year, since even those where no reasonable piece of extravagance is produced offer attractions in the revival of laughter-moving farces; and the two great houses are in full swing with burlesques and pantomimes of the good old flavour.

#### COVENT GARDEN,

commencing the performances with the second act of "The Bohemian Girl," has chosen for the subject of the burlesque the story of "St. George and the Dragon," upon which Mr. H. J. Byron has bestowed the benefit of his forty-comic-writer power of verbal dislocation. The plot of the story is admirably arranged, and the scenery is assuredly amongst the most splendid which has ever appeared, even from the brushes of Messrs. Grieve, Danson, and Dayes. With Mr. W. H. Payne as the Knight, Mr. Rouse as the Dragon, and two charming debutantes as Sabra and her lover, the piece goes on merrily enough. One of the most comic scenes, however, is that in which there is scarcely any speaking, and which is occupied with the equestrian performances of the seven champions, who are all mounted on hobby-horses. The most splendid is the Hall of Chivalry, which occupies the entire stage, and is one of the most magnificent effects ever produced.

#### DRURY LANE

has discarded "Manfred" for "Sinbad the Sailor," who, under the biographical treatment of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, is a much better and an infinitely more amusing character. It would be impossible in our space to indicate the wonderful fun and variety of this burlesque, in which the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Head of Memnon, and all sorts of "chimeras dire," unite in asking riddles, singing comic songs, and making witty and pertinent (not to say impertinent) remarks. A dance of a pack of cards is one of the novelties, and scenery and dresses are of that profuse beauty which is essential to the extravagance of "The Valley of Diamonds." That the seats in "Old Drury" are filled, and the attendants have to announce "Only standing room," is a result to be expected.

At that comfortable theatre,

#### THE HAYMARKET,

the return of "Lord Dundreary" has been the occasion of a revival, with alterations and improvements, of "Our American Cousin," which brings the curtain down with satisfaction for one of Mr. William Brough's charming extravaganzas. The title he has chosen this year is "King Arthur; or, the Days and Knights of the Round Table," in which most of the stories relating to this marvellous piece of furniture are re-cast and combined with a felicitous mingling of grace and humour. Mr. Brough's best qualification is that he never sacrifices the meaning of his lines and the feelings of his audience for the sake of the aggregate number of his puns. The jokes occur naturally, and seldom fail to elicit a response from the audience, and the verse will scan. The last scene of this Christmas piece will well support the reputation of the theatre; and with Miss Louise Keeley, Miss E. Romer, Miss Fanny Wright, Mr. Compton, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Coe to support the characters, "The Round Table" will attract plenty of guests.

#### THE ADELPHI,

still retaining the successful drama in which Miss Bateman has attracted all London, produces for its Christmas visitors Mr. H. J. Byron's "Lady Belle Belle; or, Fortunio and his Seven Magic Men"—an extravaganza which, we believe, has already been successful in Liverpool. To those who do not believe in the ultimate extinction of true humour by the tendencies of the comic literature of the day, and who do believe in the fun of wild and reckless punning with or without the necessary association of ideas, "Lady Belle Belle" will afford the utmost amusement. Whatever may be the difference of opinion on this subject, however, the piece is a genuine success; indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise with Mr. J. Clarke (who has reappeared here after his painful accident), Miss Woolgar, Miss Pattie Josephs, and Miss Laidlaw to sustain the characters.

#### THE ST. JAMES'S

has reopened, under the management of Mr. Webster, who, in a few days, has produced an admirable programme, commencing with "The Hen and Chickens," in which Mrs. Stirling was able, by consummate acting, to appeal even to a pantomime audience. This is followed by a humorous "Revue of 1863," from the pen of the indomitable and witty Mr. Byron, who, by the aid of Mr. Toole as Mrs. Brown (by permission of Mr. Arthur Sketchley), several ghosts, a comic double of Miss Bateman, another comic double of Mr. Fechter, and the characters from "Lady Audley's Secret," reproduces a fantastic dream of things which have been familiar during the past year.

#### THE PRINCESS'S

has opened with one of the most beautifully-finished and brilliant burlesques, and the most complete pantomime of the season. If "Harlequin Little Tom Tucker; or, The Fine Lady of Banbury Cross; or, the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, and had so many Children she didn't know what to do" should seem a long and promising title, we can only say that it is more than borne out by the wonderful combination of nursery stories and their exquisite setting on the stage of this theatre. The garden of Mary, who, however contra(d)ry she might have been, must now be satisfied with her garden at the Princess's, is one of the most exquisite scenes we have ever witnessed. A lake of real water, upon which fairies float in "nautilus homes," is the foreground to opening cockleshells, which reveal interiors only matched in brilliancy by the silver bells, each of which is a youthful fay. Of the pantomime company it is not too much to say that it is the best in London.

#### THE STRAND,

faithful, as indeed it should be, to Mr. Byron, rejoices in just such a burlesque as that gentleman delights to supply to the little theatre where he meets with an appreciative, not to say an uproarious, audience. The talented author has changed his ground a little by choosing the classic subject of "Orpheus and Eurydice;" but what may not be effected with Mr. Byron's power of punning exercised to the utmost, and Miss Marie Wilton's return to the stage with an unequalled power of making every hit tell. With this smart and accomplished lady as Orpheus, and Miss Ada Swanborough, Miss Hughes, Miss Simpson, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Wood, Mr. James, Mr. Fenton, and Master Newham, the success is, of course, assured.

#### THE SUMMIT

delights a transpontine audience with "Old King Cole; and the Frog that would a wooing go; or, Hide a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross." To give some notion of the rollicking fun of the piece, we may mention that "Old King Cole" is sung by all the

retainers of that monarch, with an appropriate accompaniment on various implements used in their trades, even including *lapstones* and *futirons*. Some of the scenes are admirably placed on the stage.

#### THE VICTORIA,

at this season of the year, is a sight in itself, since the audience is not the least amusing part of the show, if one only has the nerve to look calmly at a surging, struggling crowd of people, who reciprocate cuffs and compliments with equal alacrity. The pantomime of "Giselle and the Phantom Night-dancers; or, Harlequin and the Genius of Discord," appeals successfully to its public, however, and differs little from other entertainments of the same kind, although, perhaps, its jocularity is best relished when it is most practical. The triumph of Hymen over Discord, in the transformation scene, receives and deserves unbounded applause.

#### SADLER'S WELLS,

with an audience which contrasts somewhat with those of the old "Shakespearean" days rejoices in "The Prince of the Peaceful Islands; or, Harlequin, the Magic Pearl, the Centaur, and the Fairy Amazon." The plot, which it would be impossible to describe within our limited space, is introduced by a very pretty pastoral scene, and the piece ends with a brilliant transformation. The most gorgeous effect, however, is the "Opal Throne of the Amazonian Queen, in the Golden Hall of Pendant Gems," which, on the opening night, resulted in loud calls for artist and manageress.

#### THE MARYLEBONE,

in a thoroughly genial spirit, chooses for its pantomime "Jolly King Christmas; or, Harlequin Jack Frost, the Giant, the Beanstalk, and the Little Fays." The scenery, which is both pretty and appropriate, is changed with wonderful skill and rapidity. One of the most laughter-moving and effective tableaux is "The Snow-bound Retreat of Wicked Jack Frost," where personified winds assemble for mischievous purposes.

#### ASTLEY'S

eclipses even its old reputation by reopening with a pantomime, in which Geoffrey Chaucer and John of Gaunt appear in their "habits as they lived, the old Tabard Inn is introduced to perfection, and the Fairyland of the Poets dazzles the audience, while they are amused" with Oberon and Robin Goodfellow. The starting of the Canterbury Pilgrims, the laboratory of Friar Bacon, the Wishing Gate, and a hundred half-historical, half-romantic matters are rendered with consummate skill, and conclude with an elaborate pantomime.

#### THE NEW ROYALTY

continues to attract delighted audiences to see "Ixion; or, the Man at the Wheel," in which, by-the-way, a new actress (Miss Teresa) has appeared in the part of Mercury, which she sustains with the spirit of an accomplished singer. To "Ixion" is added a novel entertainment in the shape of a comic drama in six tableaux, by Mr. Burnand, entitled "Mdm. Berliot's Ball; or, the Châlet in the Valley." Our readers can imagine what puns may be suggested by this title, but they cannot imagine the fun of which the company at the New Royalty are such admirable exponents.

### TYPES OF SPANISH LIFE IN MADRID.

We have already, in previous Numbers, described some of those people who, in Spain, may be taken as types of the population; and our Engravings this week are special illustrations of scenes peculiar perhaps rather to Madrid itself than to other parts of the kingdom.

Madrid, it may be observed, although a fine capital, is by no means so picturesque as those cities in which are found the white houses, green balconies, and Moorish architecture. Its streets are wide, its palaces and shops imposing, but it is almost entirely European. Still, the score of lofty towers and domes, coupled with the range of the Guadarama, have a fine effect; and the approach over the bridge into a plaza ornamented with obelisks and statues, and through the fine Alameda, is likely to impress the traveller with the first sight of the capital of Spain. He will be little less surprised to see the people coming out for their evening stroll wear a cloak hanging to their shoulders even on the most sultry evenings of summer; but the air which comes sweeping down from the mountains is subtle and keen, and the inhabitants are careful not to subject themselves to the dangerous "colico de Madrid."

El aire de Madrid es tan sutil

Que mata a un hombre, y no apaga a un candil.

To see much of the people it is necessary to go at once to the Puerta del Sol, which, although but a small oblong place, is the Alpha and Omega of Madrid. There you must go for all that you want—for omnibus, hackney-carriage, letters, news, the best shops, and even for the correct time. It is the Palais Royal of Madrid, with the difference that the broad, handsome streets all seem somehow to lead into it. It is the resort, too, of all the beggars of the capital, and they are many and picturesque; of all those who wait on fortune, many of whom carry all their property under their cloaks, which they wear not only for warmth but to conceal their poverty. Starting at the Townhall, an ugly pile of building enough, one comes upon the Plaza de Cebada; and it is here that the groups of brown-clad peasants congregate around the fountain, chatting and filling their water-barrels, and smoking their paper cigars. Here, too, may be seen the moving population of the streets—the drivers of vehicles, the journeying muleteer, the hawkers of all kinds of articles essential to Spanish households. But it is in the Plaza Mayor, or de la Constitución, that the loungers may be seen taking their siesta at noon, when they select the south-east corner as a comfortable and sheltered spot for a snooze, and stand, or lean, or lie down, as the humour pleases them.

It is to the floating population, to whom we have alluded, that the proprietor of the cheap eating-house owes his success. It is not for them that the exquisite exuberance of Spanish cookery is manifest. The orange-blooded tomato, the pomegranate salads, the green gold grapes, the marvellous outlets with bubbly sauce, piquant of strange odours and undecided flavours; the stewed ducks in ink gravy; the rich, fiery Malaga wine, are not theirs. For, in truth, the "Bodegon" is the very twopenny eating-house, the "slap bang" of Madrid, and is but one degree removed from that awesome place in Vienna where men sit down at a long carpenter's bench in which hollows have been scooped to supply the place of basins, and into which the proprietor squirts ha'porths of soup by means of a huge syringe, for the satisfaction of the poor and hungry guests.

At the Bodegon, however, one may revive their recollections of Don Quixote and of Gil Blas, for it often happens that under that shed-like roof some picturesque visitors assemble a *doce cuartos el cubierto*; the dinner is not dear; and the cookery, strong of garlic and red pepper, suits the Spanish palate, and does not disagree with the Spanish nose any more than the piles of flaky, salted codfish which are seen in the market. Perhaps, however, it is worth while to partake of this dark, unsavoury stew, if only to enjoy more keenly the luxury of a draught from one of the double-spouted red water-jars, with the thick drops evaporating from their terra-cotta surface; or to cut a huge slice from a cool, ripe melon.

FEDERAL DEPREDATIONS.—The Federal ship Vanderbilt lately paid a visit to Angra Pequena, the Guano Islands, and destroyed or carried away a large quantity of coal stored on Penguin Island, which was two years ago annexed to Cape Colony. This was done on the supposition that the coal was intended for the Confederate steamers. Then, within two miles of the shore, and consequently within the English or Portuguese jurisdiction, the Vanderbilt seized the British barque Saxon. The mate was shot by a Federal officer—a deed which, if the facts are as reported, is murder. The rest of the crew were put on board a coasting-vessel and sent to Table Bay.

THE THREE MARYS.—We remember when, in 1851, a group of females from the West Riding were passing through the picture gallery of the Exhibition, and the beautiful little gem of "The Three Marys" (the property of Lord Carlisle) particularly engaged their attention. From our position we overheard their controversy on the subject. Reference to the catalogue told them that these were indeed the Three Marys; but what Marys?—that was the question. "There'll be Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalen, maybe," said one dubiously, "but who's t' other?" "Why, Bloody Mary, to be sure," responded her friend, in a sudden burst of inspiration; and this happy idea was at once adopted.—*Cornhill Magazine.*





A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO GRANDPAPA.—(FROM THE PICTURE BY J. J. EXNER.)



# A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO GRANDPAPA!

Not very long since I was introduced to a matron in the green-grocery line, who could boast of being the mother of sixteen strong, sane, and sound children; and, considering that so numerous a family must be a heavy burden to one who depended for a living on the sale of potatoes at five pounds for twopence, I thought it right and proper as a Christian to commiserate with her. "Yes," replied the dame, in a proud voice that would have crushed Dr. Malthus to the earth, "it's sadly too many; but there's none to spare." "Goodness gracious!" I could not help but exclaim, "how many children would satisfy that gluttonous woman?" There was once a family composed of seventeen girls and one son, and their papa was a Baronet, and didn't precisely know which of his progeny he preferred; but calmly divided his affections by seventeen, and gave each her and his share as equally as if he had been carving the family joint. There was another family which, taking them in the bulk, little and big, counted one hundred and thirty. They were in the Church, and church families cling to the example of Abraham, and multiply. Yet, whenever it was announced to the reverend parents that another grandchild had put in its appearance, they would thank God for the babe, and call it a blessing, and send it a new hood and cloak. This excessive indulgence in offspring seems peculiar to clergymen, fishermen, cobblers, pork-butchers, and rabbits. There is a porkbutcher residing in Sheffield who is so fond of nursing children that, out of jealousy, he has attempted the lives of many monthly nurses. To preserve his reason, his wife is forced to keep a baby constantly in the house. He, curiously enough, only likes his babies up to four years old, whereas most men prefer them less tender.

It would seem that the worldly prosperity of the parents has little or nothing to do with regulating this affection for infant life; for though it may seem reasonable that those who are possessed of wealth would rejoice in numerous progeny and feel much comfort in the assurance that their property will descend to their own children; yet it is a common feeling with the rich not to weaken their influence by dividing their riches among many. Hence the firstborn son is favoured, and the other children—especially the girls—are allowed to join the miserable army of poor relations, and grumble. On the other hand, even the want of daily food will not prevent some men, especially cobblers, from revelling in babies, as is clearly proved by the example of a man at Barnet, who so exasperated the parochial authorities by receiving parish relief, and yet each year impudently increasing his household with another child, that on the death of his wife he was offered £10 and a new suit of clothes if he would solemnly swear never to marry again. It is remarked by Bacon that children mitigate the remembrance of death, and that is true; and, indeed, old people have a greater yearning for and patience with infants than young ones, for it seems to them as though the life just commenced were a recommencement of the life nearly finished, like fresh funds paid into an exhausted treasury. There is many a grandfather who would hurry on his brief remainder of life that a Christmas or New-Year's Day might come the sooner, when the little ones are gathered around, and dimpled arms and pouting lips embrace the withered form, for old age derives a great enjoyment from this infantine love from knowing that the affection of the child is impulsive, truthful, and free from deceit. Besides, the consolation of this love given by creatures so beautiful is the greater, because it comes at a time when age has

THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE GREAT SQUARE OF MADRID AT THE MID-DAY SIESTA.

bent and disfigured the body, and all grace and proportion have departed; and the agreeable change from the tone of pity for the weakness of exhausted life to that of earnest and undoubted love has all the charm of an unexpected compliment elegantly offered.

According to Mr. Exner, a very clever Danish artist, the grandfathers in the island of Amack are as rejoiced by the sight of their children's children as our good folk in the island of England. Such sweet scenes Christianise the world by the loving lesson taught, and are very pleasant to think over after reading the reports of coroners on infanticide, and the trials of wretched women brought to justice. There is something wonderfully captivating in the expression of the old fisherman tottering towards the dumpty little mite balancing

itself on the threshold and muttering the New-Year's greeting taught by the young mother. Last year I was present when a bouncing little fellow, ten times stronger than both his grandad and grandmam put together, came in his best frock and highly curled to wish them a happy New Year, and destroyed all the solemnity of the pretty ceremony by allowing nature to interfere with his oratory. for he cried out, "A Happy New Year, and more cake!"

Mr. Exner's picture is simply a poem written with a paint brush. The little mother bending forward to prompt the pudgy baby is admirably given; for, although graceful, the slender figure is not spoiled by an unnatural and improbable elegance, but the limbs are strong as those of a fisher's daughter should be, and the hands look



A CHEAP EATING-HOUSE (BODEGON) IN MADRID AT NOON: TWOPENCE THE DISH—SEE PAGE 11.



as if they could mend nets. The furniture of the room is capitally rendered. If the cots of the Amack boatmen are all like the interior of the jolly grandfather in our engraving, it would prove a wise speculation to attend the sales and visit the furniture stores on the island. Wardour-street had better give up business.

## Literature.

*Birdseye Views of Society.* By RICHARD DOYLE. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Smith, Elder, and Co.

There was once an old mad woman, we forget her name, but she belonged to the times of the last two Georges, whose mania it was to go about to church and chapel, and, whenever she heard the word society, to jump up and exclaim, with indignation, "No Society!" Now, how dreadfully this book would aggravate her if she could see it!

But, oh! how dreadfully it delights us! We know what we shall do with it. It is a lovely oblong folio, the views being printed on sea-green paper, and accompanied by very pleasant letterpress. It is so wide a book—say as wide as a cherub's wings spread out—that two people can look over it at once without being too close. Now, Phoebe—you don't know her? Then, so much the worse for you; but don't suppose we shall introduce you. Phoebe, we say, is quite the opposite of that mad old female. She loves society, and, what is more, she loves Mr. Doyle (artistically, you know). So do we. We shall take this book to Phoebe and look over it with her. The consequence will be that she will come closer than ever she did before, and—and, in fact, we can spell opportunity, and Phoebe shall be Ours. A man who can't manage to entangle an Alexandra curl in one of his studs is not fit or a reviewer.

We are; and on the strength of our fitness we affirm that this is the best book for the drawing-room table that the year has produced.

There is a word to add. This is the philanthropic time of year. We have an aged uncle, who, owing to indisposition (the nature of which is no business of yours), has not been bodily into company for many years. We, for our parts, have always told him that he might go into society if he would only shake off his complaint. "Make an effort, Nunky, make an effort!" said we—just what the doctor said to Mrs. Dombey, you know. But he wouldn't make an effort; such is the obstinacy of avuncular human nature. However, we lent him this book. What is the result? Only last night we saw him stepping jauntily into a hansom, in evening dress, with an opera hat. These birdseye views excited him so powerfully that he made the effort at last, and rushed headlong into that society with visions of which Mr. Doyle had tantalised him.

We felt bound to mention this, not thinking it fair that Mr. Tom Taylor should have all the laurels as a moralist and regenerator.

*Art and Fashion: with other Sketches, Songs, and Poems.* By CHARLES SWAIN. Author of "The Mind," "English Melodies," &c. Virtue Brothers and Co.

Years ago, Mr. Charles Swain achieved a more than respectable position amongst writers of English verse by thorough accomplishment in a good plain style. The present volume of miscellanies, some of which now see the light of print for the second time, is of the same description as before, and must at least tend to conserve the author's reputation. The fabric is certainly not cloth of gold; there are no brilliant lights of diction or glowing thought upon it; but it is far removed from home-spun, and resolves itself into good substantial material, sufficiently graceful and elegant for general reading purposes. Two good points about the poems at once strike the mind—the absence of that high-flown style which has been called spasmodic, and which has distinguished too many modern original geniuses who have very soon had their day; and also the absence of anything like imitation, or anything that suggests having been suggested by others. With some few exceptions, the poems are social, domestic, breathing of love and kindness, and built upon such everyday themes as go to make up the mass of human life. They will be read with pleasure in every household not absolutely devoted to metaphysics and other heavy subjects, which latterly have made too many heavy heads. "Art and Fashion" is a dramatic poem in blank verse, in which a painter and his fine-lady cousin defend art and fashion in turns; of course, quarrel, and, equally of course, agree to love and take things sensibly. As every day does not give the world a glowing defence of a bad cause, we will see what the lady can urge in favour of fashion:—

Fashion! yes:

A thousand servants wait upon her steps:  
All hands are busy for her. Ships at sea,  
Freighted with charms, obey her welcome summons.  
She keeps the "World" in busy agitation;  
Shore, quay, and bustling wharf, warehouse and shop,  
Teem with her queenly orders. She keeps state,  
And every stone grows hot with rolling wheels;  
She languishes, and every trade falls dull.  
Fashion, indeed! you teach where you've to learn.  
I tell thee, Painter, let but Fashion take  
Thy genius by the hand—let her but speak—  
And she will turn thy palette into gold,  
Transmute thy colours into costly gems;  
Patrons, in throngs, shall lounge about thy doors,  
And Peers outbid each other for the next  
Great effort of that hand which Fashion crowns  
With her supreme distinction. Fashion!

Why, the men must argue with this as well as the ladies. The poet actually catches inspiration from crinolines and spoonbill bonnets. There may even be poetry in peggots, and tragedies in round hats.

Various sketches of great painters—Leonardo, Giulio Romano, Gainsborough, Reynolds, &c.—are, again, conversational fragments, the most originally conceived pieces in the volume. But, as sample of Mr. Swain's simple language and talent for versification, here is a happy idea, embodied in lines not one too many nor too few, and winding up with a surprise, a flash of naïveté, a *jeu d'esprit*:—

MAIDENHOOD.

My love is full of happy mirth,  
Her laughter is a joy to see;  
And yet there's scarce a thing on earth  
She wishes not to be!

A flower, in some green covert found,  
Half hidden from the view:  
"Ah! well," I said, "were I the ground  
On which thy beauty grew!"

A bird, that skyward might repair,  
Or soar to heavenly things:  
"Yes, were I out the blessed air  
That bore thy glittering wings!"

Then she would like a river be,  
With green banks sweeping wide;  
And I—I'd be some willow tree  
Still whispering by her side.

"Can I be nothing without you?"  
She poutingly replied:  
All things, to one another true,  
I said, must be allied?

As well divorce the air from light,  
The colour from the flower,  
As banish me from that dear sight  
In which I live each hour!

"If such a lot must me befall,  
Though bird, or flower, or star,  
I think," she smiled, "that, after all,  
We're better as we are!"

False ones, male and female, lend themselves occasionally to Mr. Swain for the purpose of two or three stanzas, and many little pieces bordering upon devotional aspirations will find numerous admirers. If the readers will be good enough to understand that in no way can these lyrics be ranked with the great—with Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, or the Brownings—but that, at the same time, they are neither calm as Tupper nor spasmodic as others, sufficient

will be understood in their praise. They are genuine English verse, and their author would be the last man to assert a title which could call down great comparisons with the names mentioned above.

*Historical Tales of Lancastrian Times.* By the Rev. H. P. DUNSTER. With Illustrations by JOHN FRANKLIN. Griffith and Farran.

Mr. Dunster does not say that these tales are intended for young people; but the name of the publisher and the style in which the book is got up make one fancy that it is a juvenile public which is appealed to. If that be so, we can only express our surprise that anybody could for a moment think of writing for the young in such a style as that adopted by Mr. Dunster. We open the pages quite at random, and such forms of expression as these leap into our eyes:—

It is necessary that the reader should be informed (p. 209). On being answered in the affirmative (p. 183). Few situations can have been more embarrassing and distressing (p. 209). Who ever and anon cast towards her mother's countenance looks of most painful interest (p. 204). Her apprehension quick, her judgment calm, and her courage unquestionable (p. 224).

At phrases such as these a desperate sense of unreality comes over the mind of the reader, whatever his age; and surely a boy or girl would pitch the book aside as "slow" at once—if he were not forcibly arrested by the intrinsic merit of the thing told. In point of fact, the interest of these Lancastrian stories is so good that it would be next to impossible to make them dull, and there is really some picturesque writing in Mr. Dunster's volume. No doubt, too, there is a public for such books, because they sell. The pseudo-classic style and the pseudo-romantic style of narration are both bad; and the happy mean is rare. We must take what we can get.

## YOUTHFUL LITERATURE.

*The Tiger Prince; or, Adventures in the Wilds of Abyssinia.* By WILLIAM DALTON. With Illustrations. Virtue Brothers and Co.

*Ministering Men; or, Heroes of Missionary Enterprise.* By the Rev. JAMES GARDNER, A.M., M.D. Dean and Son.

*Narrative Poems; and, A Beam for Mental Darkness.* For the Benefit of the Idiot and his Institution. By E. G. DEAN and Son.

*Pilgrim Battles: the Cross and the Crescent.* By EDWARD FARR, Esq. Dean and Son.

*Evenings with Grandpapa; or, Naval Stories for Children.* By HARRIET M. CAREY. Dean and Son.

*Bessie and Jessie's First Book: mostly in Words of Three Letters.* Coloured Engravings. Dean and Son.

*Nursery Nonsense; or, Rhymes without Reason.* By D'ARCY W. THOMPSON. Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Griffith and Farran.

*Rummical Rhymes, with Pictures to Match, &c. Comical Rhymes of Ancient Times, &c. Two Separate Parts.* Red Engravings. Dean and Son.

Mr. Dalton's "Tiger Prince" ranks amongst the best of the many seasonable books calculated to interest young readers who have not yet "entered life." Abyssinia is a new country to most people, for everybody has forgotten Bruce, and very few have read Mansfield Parkyns, whilst the glimpse in "Rasselas" is exceedingly slight, grand, artificial, and dull. Mr. Dalton introduces a young Englishman, named Bevan, who has emancipated himself from the dignified position of smallest officer in the Royal Navy, consequent upon having a large fortune left him. Being seized with fever at Cairo, a friendly Scotch doctor attends him; and, on the cure being effected, Bevan agrees to accompany the doctor in a journey through Abyssinia. The party is next joined on board ship by a somebody who has embarked surreptitiously, after having endured the horrors of slavery, &c. He is in reality an Abyssinian Prince—the Tiger Prince; and, together, the party go through the usual run of adventures until they at last fall in with the Prince's brother, a twin tiger, and the Europeans complete their journey, with all possible horrors that royalty can supply. The adventures are all good and spirited, and serve as pegs for the hanging of all kinds of legends and anecdotes, marriage and other customs, sporting and kindred adventures. Of course, there is a beautiful young Abyssinian girl; but she is devoted to the Prince. However, in company with the doctor she is kidnapped, and not until late in the volume restored to her rights and her love. Mr. Dalton paints the natives as amiable people, whose Christianity is not of the highest order, but still sufficient to lead to better things than the faith of most Eastern races. It is to be hoped he is right. The book is interesting throughout; and, though the author has probably never travelled in the country, it may be considered trustworthy, being founded on Bruce, who has been proved conscientious; and Mr. Parkyns, whose veracity was never doubted. "The Tiger Prince" is a capital specimen of paper, print, and engravings.

The admirers of missionary enterprise will thank Mr. Gardner for his volume, which contains "An Essay on the Missionary Spirit" and memoirs of ten of the most eminent missionaries who have figured during the last hundred years. Some of the subjects would be unknown to the outer world; but such lives as those of Bishop Heber, the Rev. John Williams, and the Rev. George Whitefield are familiar to all classes and will always have interest.

"Narrative Poems" is a little volume printed for the benefit of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood. The verses are neatly written, and will be found good reading for childhood. "The Beam for Mental Darkness," which follows, is a prose and verse collection of papers pertaining to the institution.

Mr. Edward Farr puts the story of the crusades into a comfortable and readable shape in his "Pilgrim's Battles." It is a very little book, but full of information. It is to be regretted that he has not been more profuse with dates, with names of Sovereigns, and with the separate number of each crusade. Such matters ought to be plainly expressed to young people.

Miss Carey professes to give her "Evenings with Grandpapa; or, the Admiral on Shore," "from the fireside stories of (her father) the late Vice-Admiral Sir Jahiel Brenton, K.C.B." They are simple little anecdotes, in prose and verse, designed for very young children, and utterly unconnected with naval history, though generally touching upon ships.

"Bessie and Jessie" must be much younger than Miss Carey's friends. They are treated to three-letter words in enormous character, pleasantly relieved of educational horrors by brightly-coloured pictures in plenty.

"Nursery Nonsense" is all in verse—not bad verse, either—and always full of some good broad fun. Mr. Bennett's engravings, which adorn every page, are full of the best of his fine humour, but necessarily without that cynical peculiarity which distinguishes many of his higher-class productions. They are beautifully drawn and engraved, and the whole book presents a handsome appearance without the least shadow of pretence.

The two bright-covered parts called "Rummical Rhymes" and "Comical Rhymes" must be seen to be appreciated. They defy description, unless we may be allowed to say that they are printed in some mysterious combination of red and black; that the pictures are very finely drawn, and quite unlike anything else ever seen; that the verses are of a familiar description enough, but good of their kind; and that either work of art may be secured for one simple shilling.

## NEW MUSIC.

*By the Blue Sea* (Song). Words by J. Enoch; Music by Henry Smart. (Metzler and Co.) This is one of the most charming songs that has been published for some time past. Mr. Henry Smart seems to have an unlimited wealth of melodic ideas, and these he has the art of setting off to the utmost advantage by the most engaging combinations that harmony can devise. It is, indeed, the union of science with fancy manifested by Mr. Henry Smart as a harmonist that distinguishes his compositions from the mass of ordinary commonplace ballads with which our music-shops are stocked and our parlours laden. It may be a subject of regret with lovers of high art that Mr. Smart does not devote his powers to the completion of some great work which should perpetuate his name; but the average public has no reason to complain of this frittering of his powers, seeing that it thus becomes possessed of numberless minor compositions which, unambitious as they

are, yet bear the impress of natural capacity and ripened powers. In the song under notice Mr. Smart could scarcely have derived inspiration from Mr. Enoch's poetry, the second verse being all but unintelligible. He has, nevertheless, produced a very fascinating song.

*The Talking Oak* (Song). Words by Alfred Tennyson; Music by G. B. Allen. (Metzler and Co.) Another song on which we can bestow unreserved commendation. The delicate and graceful words of the Laureate have been wedded to a strain of flowing melody that is thoroughly congenial to the sentiment conveyed by the charming lyric. Mr. G. B. Allen's "Harvest Home" may be yet remembered as the honest, straightforward work of a thoroughly capable musician, and the song in question is quite worthy of his reputation.

*The Ghost's Walk* (Song), by G. Linley: *Carrie Lee* (Song), and *Weeping, Sad and Lonely* (Song and Chorus), sung by the Christy Minstrels: *The Music Man* (Song), and *Old England has Charms* (Ballad in Howard Paul's Entertainment). (Metzler and Co.) Although the text of "The Ghost's Walk" has been suggested by the story of Lady Dedlock in Dickens's "Bleak House," it is probable that the prevalent mania for ghostlike apparitions gave Mr. Linley, to whom the credit of both words and music is to be given, the idea of publishing the effusion in question. If it is not strikingly original, it is at least well-timed. Nor can praise for originality be bestowed upon either of the Christy Minstrels' songs, the first of which may have been derived from the Tyrol just as easily as from Negroland; while the second, which, by-the-by, is by Mr. F. G. Vincent, betrays no nationality whatever. The "Music Man" is a buffo song, and its effect is therefore intended to depend upon the mode of its delivery rather than upon its musical beauty. The melody of the ballad, "Old England has charms," is stated upon the titlepage to have been partly composed by Mrs. Howard Paul; but the composer of "Jenny Jones" may also lay claim to some share of the credit, for its most characteristic phrase bears an unmistakable resemblance to that popular ditty.

*The Bells of Aberdovey* ("Clychan Aberdyfi"), Welsh Melody, arranged by Brinley Richards: *Warblings at Noon*, composed by Brinley Richards. (R. Cocks and Co.) The best result of those monster (shall we not say monstrous) harp concerts with which London was so surfeited some twelve months ago was the discovery of Miss Edith Wynne's sweet voice. One of the most charming wild melodies to which she gave such nice expression was "The Bells of Aberdovey," which Mr. Brinley Richards has here arranged with all his wonted skill. "Warblings at Noon" is a showy drawing-room piece, the elegant theme of which is set with such tact that, although brilliant, it does not at all overtax the capacity of ordinary players. Mr. Richards certainly has a peculiar talent for pianoforte composition.

*The Music of Her Voice*, words by J. E. Carpenter: *In Search of the Primrose*, words by J. Streaks: *The Liquid Gem*—three songs, by W. T. Wrighton. (R. Cocks and Co.) Of these three songs, all of which are fit for the drawing-room, the first is the most flowing, the second the most lively, and the last the most spirited and original; it would form, by-the-by, a capital polka mazurka.

*Sunset* (Capriccio). By Adolph Gollmick. (Boosey and Sons.) A neatly written and pleasing pianoforte piece, presenting no difficulty to average players. The second theme is very elegant.

*The Auber Quadrille*, by Frank Musgrave: *The Ghost's Galop*, by Frank Musgrave: *Janet's Choice* (Waltz), by Frank Musgrave: *The Biarritz Galop*, by A. Wagner. (Boosey and Sons.) In the Auber Quadrille considerable ingenuity has been shown by the introduction of a large number of the most popular melodies of the delightful old author of "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello" and "The Crown Diamonds" have supplied the largest share. The Ghost's Galop we have already commended in "Boosey's Album" for its spirit and liveliness. To this separate edition a cornet part has been added. The Janet's Choice (Waltz) is founded exclusively on themes from the popular songs of the anonymous "Claribel." The best of all these pieces of dance music is decidedly the Biarritz Galop. It is true that the second subject is very like the Sturm March Galop and that the trio reminds one of a motive from "Stradella," but the principal theme is thoroughly original and very piquant, while the piece, as a whole, is exceedingly effective.

*The Old House by the Lindens*. The poetry by H. W. Longfellow. (Boosey and Sons.) Mr. Balfe may have invented more original melodies, but he has never indited one that is more flowing than that which he has here united to the American poet's touching verses. It is sure to captivate a general audience at the very first hearing.

*Boosey's Popular Vocalist*. (Boosey and Sons.) This little book is a marvel of comprehensiveness and cheapness. It includes the text, carefully revised and well printed, of no less than five hundred of the most popular songs and ballads, and will be invaluable to drawing-room vocalists who wish to commit their songs to memory.

*Must We Part* (Duet): *There is a Void within my Heart* (Song): *In Memory of the Days gone by* (Cavatina): *As Sunlight beaming on a Summer Lake* (Ballad): *The Old Vine Tree* (Drinking Song). (Addison and Lucas.) All these pieces are from Mr. Balfe's last (we beg his pardon, we should say his latest) opera,

which, as our readers know, has been played every night since its first production. The music loses nothing by being separated from the uncongenial subject, which has hampered the composer's facile pen. The gem of the opera is the duet, "Must we part," an inspiration which any English composer might be proud to have written. In the edition with pianoforte accompaniment we, of course, lose the singular charm of the very delicate and fanciful orchestration; while, on the other hand, the unison passage, which we have already pointed out in these columns as a blemish, is just as conspicuous. But we have no doubt that the duet will be as great a favourite in the concert-room as on the stage. Both Miss Pynne's songs, "There is a void" and "As sunlight beaming on a summer lake," will be found to possess some innate beauty, even when they are not adorned by the lady's exquisite singing, and, like Mr. Harrison's song (or cavatina, as it is ambitiously styled), will be acceptable to many amateurs. For Mr. Weiss's drinking-song, "The old vine tree," we could prophesy a still greater popularity, did not its difficulty form some bar to its general diffusion among unprofessional singers. We may here mention that "La Spagnuola" has been arranged as a pianoforte piece by Mr. Brinley Richards, and that Mr. C. E. Stephens has written a fantasia on subjects from the same opera, the soprano song, "There is a void within my heart," giving the theme which is chiefly worked out. Both these pieces have been published by Addison and Lucas.

*Victoria* (Fantasia). By W. Kuha. (Ashdown and Parry.) This is one of the very best fantasias on "God Save the Queen" which we have ever seen. The familiar melody is treated in a Thalberg in every conceivable manner. Now being given to the left hand, with brilliant *arpeggi* for the right; now assigned to the middle of the instrument, with widely separated chords for the treble and bass; and now again played with continued "shakes." It is by no means easy of execution, but it will certainly be appreciated by advanced players.

*The Emerald Isle Quadrille and Carnarvon Castle Quadrille*, by H. S. Roberts: *Une Petite Fleur Valse*, par Prosper de Lavigny: *Selva Polka*, *Esilda Fantaisie Polka*, *Trebella Polka Mazurka*, by Henri Roubier. (Ashdown and Parry.) "The Emerald Isle Quadrille" is founded upon "Moore's Irish Melodies," most of them being well adapted for the purpose; but two, at least—"Savournne Deelish" and "The harp that once through Tara's halls"—being much too lovely to be travestied in such fashion. The "Carnarvon Castle" is similarly founded upon Welsh airs. Passing by M. Lavigny's valse, we can give the palm to the polka mazurka among the three pieces to which M. Roubier's name is appended.

"Sing, Birdie, sing!" (Ashdown and Parry) Mr. Ganz's song, on which M. Parepa has conferred popularity, is almost too well known to need comment; but we may nevertheless refer to it as a clever and effective ballad.







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